Miss Ivy Tresmand wearing her "L.B." Velour. Photo by Arbuthnot.

Model 726.

Made in Light Grey, Dark Grey, Mole, Champagne, Putty, String, Copper, Brown, Bronze, Sage, etc. **3** Gns.

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OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN.

Our Children's Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and we have a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all our productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made on the premises by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

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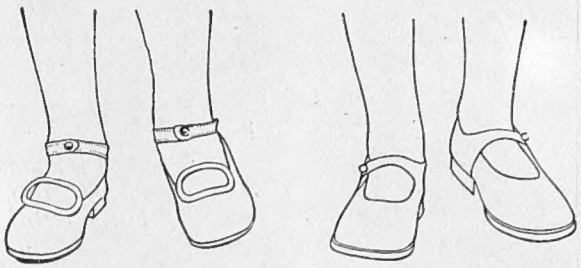

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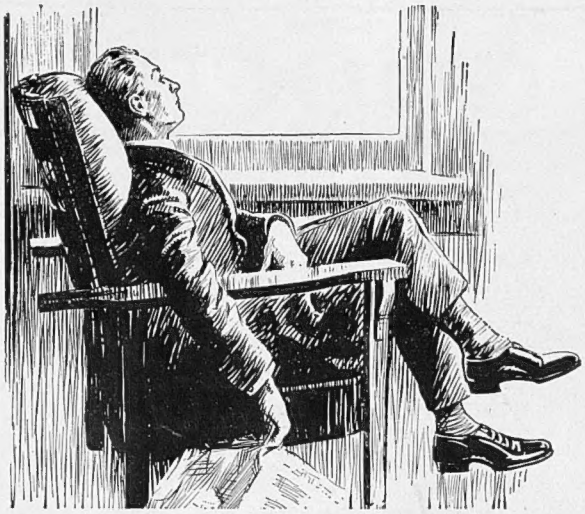

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THE NEW "CORSLO" HIP BELT AND BUST BODICE COMBINED (as sketch) in White and Pink cotton Tricot. Buttoned at back. Two bones in front which can be removed for washing.

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In Crepe de Chine **63/-**
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Smart Velour Coat and Skirt *for small Ladies wear, cut on entirely new lines. Close fitting collar of fur, and handsomely embroidered on sides and sleeves to tone. Well cut plain skirt. In several good colours.*

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SAA

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The Perfect Golf and Motoring Hat.
A SOFT CLOSE-FITTING MONCHON HAT, WORN WITH OR WITHOUT TRIMMING.
Can be bent a dozen different ways.
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OUR "ADAPTABLE" READY-TO-WEAR VELOUR HAT.
Practical for all Sports—Motoring, Golf, Cycling. Made expressly for us. Colours: Brown, Nigger, Beaver, Putty, Fawn, Mole, Silver, Grey, Rust, Gold, Purple, Saxe, or Black, trimmed Ribbon to match. In various Head Fittings.
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£8 · 18 · 6

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A difficult Puzzle, beautifully coloured.
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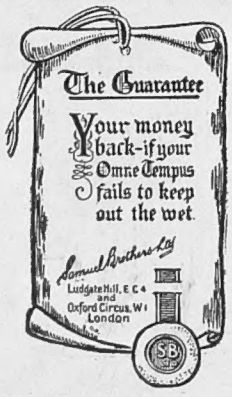
Something You Must Read!

An "Omne Tempus" Conversation.



YOU—"*What exactly does this guarantee mean? Isn't there some catch in it?*"

S. B. LTD.—"A leading counsel has given us his written opinion that it is legally binding on us to return the money paid, if any form of moisture penetrates any 'Omne Tempus' Rubberless Raincoat."

Leading Counsel's opinion.

YOU—"*Well, I say that rain, if heavy enough, will get through an 'Omne Tempus' sooner or later.*"

S. B. LTD.—"Very well! Then you return the coat and get your money back."

YOU—"*Um!....ye-yes! But how is it no other make bears this guarantee?*"

S. B. LTD.—"A guarantee is the result of confidence: the limitations of other raincoats are known to their makers."

YOU—"*Um!....interesting! I take it your cloth has got some non-porous stuff in it that keeps rain from getting through?*"

S.B. LTD.—"Here's a coat, and here's a rubber tube; watch me blowing tobacco smoke *through* the cloth. There! That proves the absence of rubber, doesn't it?"

"*Blow tobacco smoke through it.*"

YOU—"*Yes! But how do I know it is really one of the rainproof-guarantee ones?*"

S.B. LTD.—"I'll test it for you by this little apparatus here . . . a little cistern with a dropper. I spread the coat flat on this piece of white linen: I let 50 drops come five feet down on to it on exactly the same spot. . . Forty-eight! Forty-nine! Fifty! Now examine the white linen; is there a trace of moisture on it? And also rub the underside of the coat at that spot!. . . ."

"*Fifty drops dropping on exactly the same spot.*"

YOU—"*By Jove! quite dry . . pretty conclusive . . . Got it in other shades?*"

"*Rub the underside of the cloth.*"

S.B. LTD.—"Yes! this bunch of patterns—there's fawn, brown, olive, various greys, black, blue, and so on; all equally rainproof."

YOU—"*Measure me for one in this colour . . Now I want my brother in Norfolk to have one. He is 5 ft. 9 in. in his socks, and 39 in. chest.*"

S.B. LTD.—"Then we'll send him three coats to choose from, any of which, I'll guarantee, will fit him."

YOU—"*Want him to give references?*"

S.B. LTD.—"Not in this case. Your recommendation is sufficient."

Ready for Wear in Your Size, or Made to Measure.

4½ Gns.

Send height and chest measure, and we guarantee to fit you.

Sole Makers and Proprietors:—

Samuel Brothers
UNIVERSAL OUTFITTERS LTD

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LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4 (*Near St. Paul's*)

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FOR AUTUMN WEAR

This smart Jumper is an exact copy of an exclusive French model, and is entirely hand made by our own workers from velours "Cloky" and georgette, and is a most attractive and becoming garment for wearing with tailored suits.

ATTRACTIVE WAISTCOAT JUMPER (as sketch) entirely hand-made, the fronts, band at waist, and cuffs made of velours cloky, and the back and sleeves daintily trimmed with tucks are made in rich quality pure silk georgette. In Black, Navy, Purple, Beige, Mole, Cerise and Copper.

PRICE **79/6**

Debenham & Freebody
(INCORPORATED LIMITED)
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"GUINEA"
SELF-GENERATING POCKET LAMP

Putting the clock back brings the long dark nights of Winter on us with a rush — the need of a Pocket Lamp is a matter of urgent necessity. See that yours is a "Guinea," the best and the cheapest of its kind obtainable. Self-generating and inexhaustible, this wonderful lamp gives a strong, steady, never-failing light.

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"They ought to say 'Uncle, your nephew needs Mackintosh's'—or, 'Dad, take a tin home to Billy to-night!'

"Still, if Dad or Uncle sees this—well, I've been a pretty good boy lately—and a little encouragement . . . !"

* * * * * *

Let your youngsters have more good toffee. Let them have the very best of all toffees,

Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe

Egg and Cream-de-Luxe — Café-de-Luxe
Almond Toffee-de-Luxe — Mint-de-Luxe
Cocoanut-de-Luxe — De-Luxe Assortment
Plain Toffee-de-Luxe.

8D. Qtr. Sold loose by weight, and in Baby Oval Tins and Tall Tins at 1/3 each, Junior Oval Tins and Tall Tins at 2/6 each, and in 4-lb. Tins.

℗ J.2.

ELEGANT CHIFFON VELVET TEA FROCKS

This charming Tea Frock is adapted from one of the newest and most exclusive French models, and is made by our own workers from rich quality silk chiffon velvet and silver or coloured silk insertion. It is most attractive and becoming, and is an ideal garment for smart afternoon wear.

TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality silk chiffon velvet, sleeves cut in one piece to form cascade drapery, simply swathed skirt fastening at one side with large bow, lined with velvet of contrasting shade, neck and sleeves outlined with silver and coloured silk insertion in check pattern. In Black, Cerise, Cherry, Jade and Saxe.

PRICE

14½ Gns.

Catalogue post free.

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THE IDEAL FLOOR COVERING

"Paraflor" the new all rubber carpeting is the ideal floor covering for Offices, Showrooms, Banks and Home.

Quietness, cleanliness, almost everlasting wear—these are distinct advantages of "Paraflor" Rubber Carpeting. It is easily laid, reversible, and can be polished if desired in the ordinary way.

Supplied through good furnishing houses in various art shades and marble effects.

PARAFLOR REG.

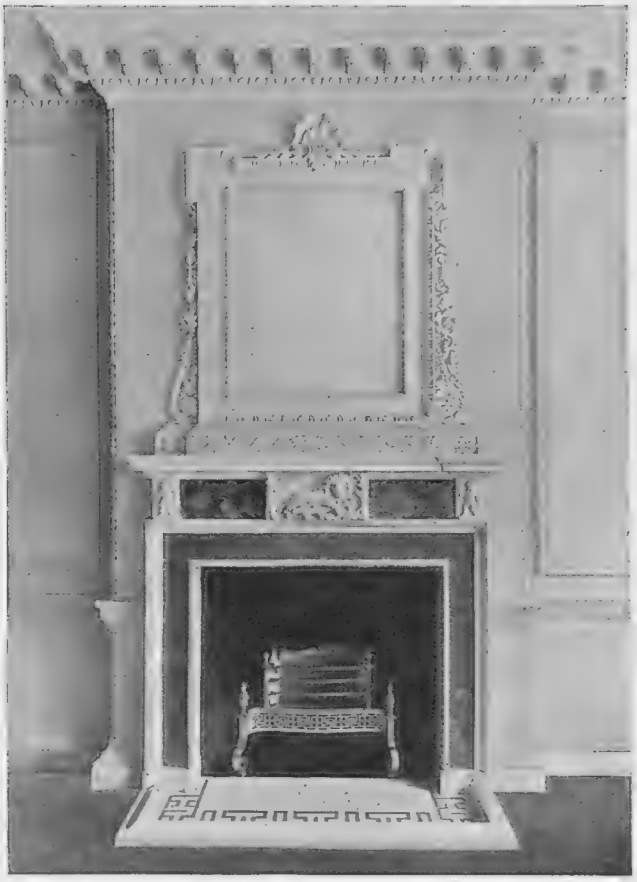
RUBBER CARPETING

Sole Manufacturers:—

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.,

EDINBURGH, LONDON AND BRANCHES.

Decorations in all 'Period' Designs



So considerably does the decorative balance and harmony of a room depend upon the natural focus of the chimney-piece, that special care and discrimination in the selection of the latter are imperative.

The choice of an appropriate design is greatly simplified for those who choose at Harrods, where not only a most imposing array of styles is available, but also free and expert advice on selection.

The nobly-proportioned example here portrayed was recently executed by Harrods and is characteristic of the style of William Kent (about 1735).

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From 7 Guineas.

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In all sizes, colours and textures. Ready for Immediate Wear or to Order.

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Unrivalled Selection of CHEVIOTS, LOVATS, and SCOTCH and IRISH HOMESPUNS, Etc., for our famous "HO" GOLF SUIT

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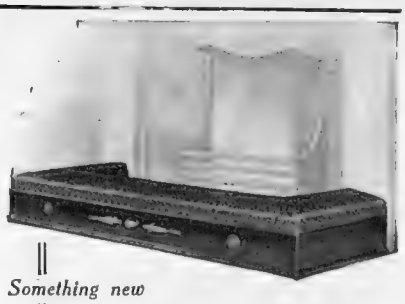

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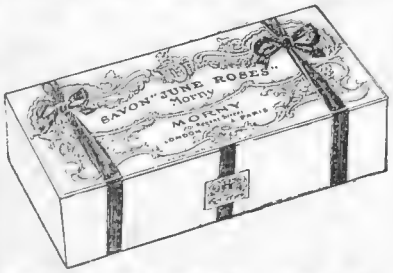

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The Bystander, October 4, 1922 No. 983. Vol. LXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Wanted—A Hunting Song

Yoicks! Tally ho! How the immortal Jorrocks would have welcomed a hunting supplement if such things had come his way. Which reminds me; isn't it time someone gave us a really good hunting song to take the place of the old favourites—good as they were? I don't believe we've had anything new since "Drink, Puppy, Drink!" and you will admit that dear old "John Peel" has had a good run for his money.

A Dramatic Incident

My morning paper has been getting its readers to send in free contributions in the shape of letters to the Editor by asking: "What is the most dramatic episode in English fiction?" Some plump for Kipling, and others plump for Scott, but I have got them all beaten. Modesty forbids me to give the name of the author, but here is the passage:

Mr. Robinson walked into the Tax Collector's office holding a cheque in his nerveless fingers. "Here," said he, "are the two thousand pounds I shall owe you on the 22nd of next month." The Tax Collector handed the money back with a bright smile, telling Mr. Robinson that the contribution was in excess of the demand, as the list of expenses was considered entirely inadequate by the Income Tax Commissioners.

Fun on the 'Phone

When a greengrocer gets a lot of over-ripe pears on his hands, he puts the best ones on the top, serves customers cleverly from the bottom, and—lowers the price. When the Post Office find that they are getting a lot of telephones left on their hands, what do they do? Lower the price? NO! They keep the price at the same ridiculously high figure, and ask the public to help them out by subscribing at the old rate. This is business, as understanded of the official people. When they get kicked out and try to earn their living as greengrocers their notices will read:

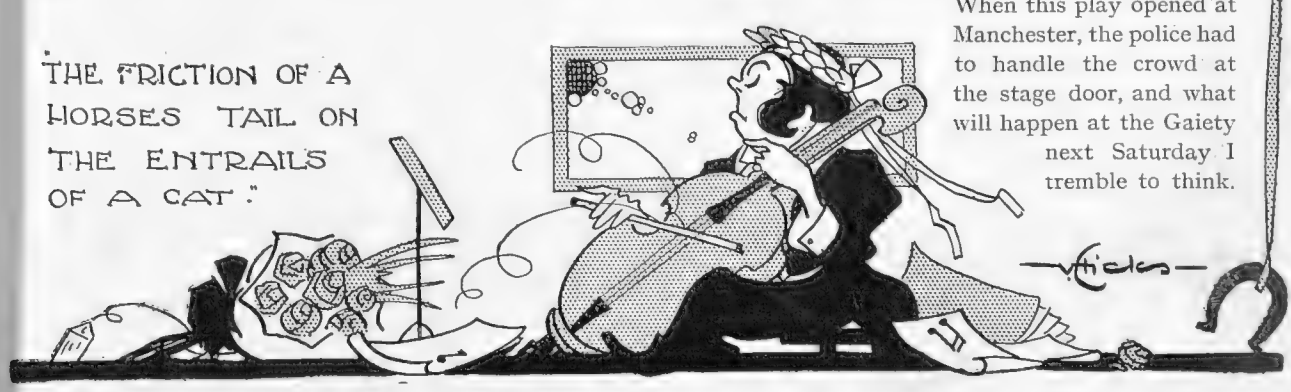
THESE PEARS ARE
VERY ROTTEN
AND VERY DEAR,
PLEASE BUY THEM.

Bright Stuff

It is not unnatural, I suppose, that the most deadly criticism of Prohibition should come from a dry country. It was Ambrose Bierce, you remember, who described a teetotaller as "a weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure." But Bierce also had his eye on this side of the pond when he said a Conservative was a statesman enamoured of existing evils, and a Liberal was one who wanted to replace those evils with others. This bright spirit was not too well known in England, but most people have heard his description of a note on a violin—"the friction of a horse's tail on the entrails of a cat." Can you beat that?

Matinée Idols

And so the matinée idol is losing his grip on the public. Dear me, I *am* sorry! However, it is good news that his place is being taken by certain actresses who have an irresistible attraction for those strange people who go to theatres in the afternoon. One of the worst offenders in this respect is José Collins, who received two little bouquets from gallery girls on the first day of rehearsals of *The Last Waltz*, and has been receiving them ever since. When this play opened at Manchester, the police had to handle the crowd at the stage door, and what will happen at the Gaiety next Saturday I tremble to think.



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

The Dear Old Gaiety

THE players and the play will not, however, take all the limelight on Saturday, for there is a feeling abroad that the dear old Gaiety is making a new bid for popularity after its long closure. The proprietors could have let the famous building many times over during the past few months, but it was felt that it would be wiser to start with a clean sheet, and all the hopes of the management are being centred on the new production. It is not generally known that the old, uncomfortable seats in the pit are being scrapped, and that pittites will be as luxuriously seated as their fellow playgoers in the stalls.

By W. F. Blood

THE NEW MAP OF THE WORLD
(Made in Moscow)

About Bottelegrams

QUITE romantic, that bottle washed up on the sea-shore at Ventnor, containing an appeal for help from a stranded mariner. In these days of wireless, the bottle has gone out of fashion and the bottelegram has fallen into disuse. I remember fraternising with a nigger minstrel in a Dieppe café, and telling him the old jingle which ends :

Inside he found a paper
With this message written on :
" Whoever finds this bottle
Finds the beer all gone ! "

By D. L. Ghilchik

BOBBY'S BONNY BABY

My darkie friend hadn't heard it before, and he added it to his repertoire at once. In return, he told me a pathetic ballad of a " little hen who had a wooden leg—the best little hen that ever laid an egg." Two years later this song was sung in a new production at the Alhambra. Wonderful !

Here's to King Charles

NEW plays are criticised from a variety of angles, but the limit was surely reached when certain Radical papers went for poor Russell Thorndike's production of *Charles I*, because Oliver Cromwell was portrayed in an unsympathetic light. Therein, to my mind, lay the chief merit of the play. I don't belong to any Jacobite organisation, and I don't want a Bavarian princelet to take over control of these islands, but I am all for the Stuarts. Terrible bad hats some of them were, but, with all their faults, I love 'em still. Give me a man who has the pluck to put a feather in his hat and who can wear it without looking ridiculous. There must be good stuff in him.

The Sale of Stamps

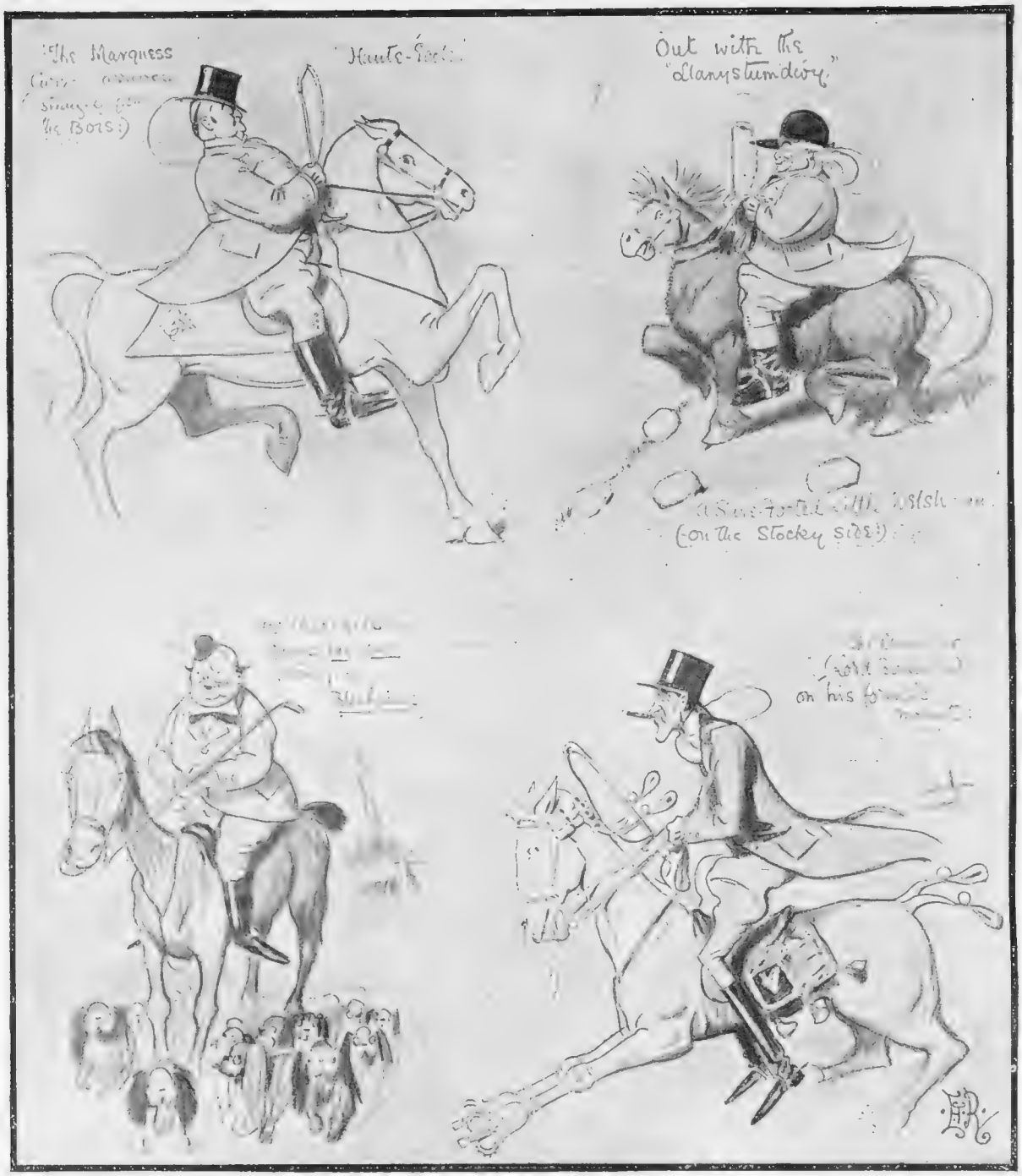
WHEN will the post office people make it possible for us to buy stamps on Sunday ? They carefully place their automatic machines where you can't get at them after office hours. Why shouldn't such machines be attached to pillar boxes ? We can buy matches and cigarettes at any railway station, but you can't stick a match on an envelope so far as I have discovered. In many ways, we are still a half-civilised country, and this is one of the ways. We don't perhaps want a continental Sabbath, but the sale of a stamp wouldn't be such a terrible sin.

"In the Shadows"

IT is always interesting to pick an old volume, haphazard, from the bookshelf. I did this yesterday. It happened to be a collection of essays, *Southward Ho !* by Holbrook Jackson, and the page was headed " In the Shadows." The author had just heard that lilting melody by Herman Finck, and was greatly concerned to know why the composer had selected this particular title. Was it a paradox or was it ironic ? " One of these days," wrote Mr. Jackson, " I shall try to find time to hunt him out and ask him. Who knows ? He may be some wonderful, yet unknown, philosopher."

Herman and Holbrook

THE idea of the present conductor of Drury Lane being an unknown anything—let alone an unknown philosopher—tickled me to death, and I was still smiling when to-day, in the Strand, I met Holbrook Jackson and Herman Finck within a minute of each other. I wondered if they had got



"D'YE KEN"—ALL THESE?

By E. T. Reed

(They're always in the First Flight with the Talk-shire Pack)

to know each other since the lines were written. I wanted to seize "the unknown philosopher," and drag him up to the author. I wanted to say, "This is the composer of 'In the Shadows'—ask him for yourself!" But I hesitated, and, in hesitating, I was lost—they had both passed upon their separate ways. Never mind, I will ask Herman to drop Holbrook a postcard.

Wicked Cyclists

EVERY day and in every way, I am getting to dislike cyclists more and more. They are a positive danger in traffic. They swoop silently upon you and bob up in the most unexpected places. If I am run over by a bus it is probably my own fault; but who can guard against a bicycle. You may say that a bicycle is not so heavy as a bus, and that it probably wouldn't kill me outright, but this remains to be proved, and I accept your statement with a good deal of reserve. Anyhow, I commend the Birmingham police on their effort to deal with the danger. Henceforth, in Brum, cyclists must keep to the left side of the road, so that we needn't be run over unless we are really anxious to die.

Our Hunting Supplement

INCLUDED as a supplement in this number is a Complete List of Foxhounds in the British Isles, with full details as to Packs and their Masters, Hunting Days, etc., etc.

Photograph NOT 1820 BUT 1922! *W. A. Rouch*

At the invitation of Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, the Master of the Old Berkeley, the Old Berkeley Coach, which has been running daily between Rickmansworth and Wendover lately, drove up to his home at Shardeloes, Amersham, to "split the odd bottle," as the huntin' people have it. On foot will be seen the Master's wife, Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake with Colonel G. White, Mr. S. Tinset, Mr. Gillman and Mr. Leighton Greaves. Mr. E. Judkins is on the box. On the extreme right, mounted, is Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake himself with his able secretary, Major H. M. Wilson. Prospects for the Old Berks season—one of the most popular hunts in the country are—as usual, very good

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Tally-ho!

THE Prince of Wales has taken Easton Grey House, near Malmesbury—the headquarters he has decided on for this season's hunting—for six months, so it is expected he will be out pretty regularly with the Badminton. Naturally there is great disappointment in the Shires, the fact that the Prince had kept his hunters at Mr. Drummond's place in Northamptonshire, leading hunting-folk in that part of the world to think he would make his headquarters within reach of the Grafton and Pytchley. But Malmesbury is well on the way to Cornwall, and the Prince is enormously interested in his Duchy—whereas from Northamptonshire or Leicestershire it is a cross-country journey.

The Duke of York and Prince Henry are sure to pay their brother visits for a few days' hunting. From every point of view it is a wise decision. The West of England knows comparatively little of our Royal Family, and to have the Prince amongst them for six months will make the happiest effect on a very loyal section of the community.

There are sure to be gay doings at Badminton, one of the few remaining great houses which lead a whole country-side in sport. The Duke of Beaufort is no longer able to hunt, but he follows in his car. The Duchess is still indefatigable. Both their daughters, the widowed Countess of St. Germans and Lady Diana Somerset, are mighty huntresses. But for Lady Diana the Badminton pack would have disappeared during the War. She looked after the hounds, and exercised them every day in the intervals she could snatch from nursing in the hospital the Duchess established at Badminton.

Then Lord Worcester, the heir to the Beaufort dukedom, and Baron de Tuyll, the Duchess's son by her first

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE MASTER OF THE EGLINTON PACK

The Marchioness of Bute with her son, Lord David Crichton-Stuart. The Marchioness is now the Master of the Eglinton Foxhounds, but she has hunted with them for several years, and is a most competent and fearless horsewoman

Photograph *Sport and General*

BEFORE THE ORDEAL

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales before playing himself into the captaincy of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews last week, where he drove off under the awful glare of 14,000 expectant eyes and a tearful drizzle from the heavens. He played a good round later, just losing on the last green to Mr. Boothby, the retiring captain

Photograph *Sport and General*

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT BARWICK HOUSE

The West Norfolk Hunt held their Puppy Show at Barwick House last week. Queen Alexandra presented the prizes to the walkers of the winning hounds. Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., is seen next her Majesty

Photograph *Central News*

A WINNER AT NEWBURY

Miss Ormrod, on Limerick, who won the Bending Race and secured a second in the jumping competition at the Newbury Agricultural Show, which was held at Emborne last week

LADY ROSSLYN—AND STEED

Lady Rosslyn has been out with the guns on the moors of Caithness recently, where she has been the guest of Sir Archibald Sinclair at Thurso Castle where he has had a large house-party. Lady Rosslyn is the Earl of Rosslyn's 3rd wife, whom he married in 1908

Besides, we want the Prince at home. His keenness on hunting and polo has already given a tremendous fillip to these two sports, and because of the Prince there will be big fields in the West Country this season.

Another Prince Charming

THE Prince of Piedmont, the heir to the Italian throne, who has just paid a visit to London, is as popular in Italy as our Prince is with us. He is full of life and spirits, and has inherited something of the charm of manner which made his grandmother, Queen Margherita, one of the most popular sovereigns in Europe. He is the only son. His sisters—one of whom was reported to be engaged to the heir to the Belgian throne some little time ago—are charming girls despite the dull and restricted life they lead.

The Italian sovereigns never go to the houses of subjects so there is no opportunity for the young Princesses to make acquaintances and friends as is the case with our own Royal Family. Nor are there the pleasant, private entertainments at the Quirinal, which are such a feature of the domestic life at Buckingham Palace.

When King Victor Emanuel I was elected King of Italy he laid down the rule that as he was King "by the marriage, are as keen as the rest of the family. In the Badminton country there is a saying that nothing except broken bones keeps a Somerset away from a meet. There certainly isn't a family in England which is better mounted, and the Beaufort enthusiasm runs through the whole of the Badminton Hunt. So the Prince has chosen the happiest *milieu* for the sport he loves best of all.

I'm glad to see that the various statements as to tours in South Africa and elsewhere next year have been given a *démenti*. India was a heavy strain, far heavier than anybody at home realised. will of the people," he could not accept invitations to private houses, since he could not make distinctions between any classes of his subjects. He could not accept the invitation of a duke and refuse that of a tallow-chandler. The "will of the people" made it incumbent for him to accept both. His son, the late King Humbert, followed the rule rigidly; his grandson, the present King of Italy, has done the same.

The rule may have been politic half a century ago, but it makes a rather dreary Court for young people, and cuts the Italian Royal family

Photograph *Lafayette*

A BRIDAL PAIR

Miss Henrietta Strickland, the fourth daughter of Sir Gerald Strickland, G.C.M.G., and the late Lady Edeline Strickland, of Sizergh Castle, Westmorland, who was married last week to Lieut. Robert T. Bower, Royal Navy, only son of Major R. L. Bower and Mrs. Bower, of the West House, Thirsk, Yorks.

from all intimate association with the nobility.

A Royal Answer

SPEAKING of Queen Margherita, I heard the other day of an instance of her supreme tact. Prince Bülow, who married a daughter of the famous Donna Laura Minghetti, and had many interests and friends in the Italian capital, was sent to Rome by the ex-Kaiser to use his great influence to keep Italy out of the War. No man ever worked harder. His beautiful house, the Villa Malta — so well-known to English visitors to Rome — was the centre of a most active propaganda. But when Prince Bülow realised that Italian sentiment was passing beyond the effect of propaganda, and the efforts of the Italian pacificists, he resolved on a desperate measure. He sought an audience with Queen Margherita, and with all the eloquence of which he was capable, besought her to use her influence with her son, the King, to stop Italy going to war.

Queen Margherita heard him to the end. Then she extended her hand, saying

"Prince, in the House of Savoy there is only one who rules. It is the King!" The audience was over.

A Conspicuous Success

A PARTICULARLY advantageous marriage with the daughter of one of the richest of the newly-arrived was suggested to a young peer. The wide social difference

Photograph *Speaight* *Photograph* *E. O. Hoppé*

THE NEW EARL AND COUNTESS SPENCER

Viscount Althorp, who succeeds to the Spencer Earldom, with his wife Lady Althorp, who was Lady Cynthia Hamilton, a daughter of the third Duke of Abercorn. They have one child, the Hon. now Lady, Anne Spencer, who was born in 1920. The new Earl is a Captain in the 1st Life Guards and served with distinction during the European War

between himself and the lady caused him to hesitate. His objections were mentioned by a relative to another member of the peerage, a prominent figure in the political world.

"Pray tell him from me," said the prominent personage, "that I have married twice, each time considerably below my station, but each time with conspicuous success."

The Little Season

THEY are putting up the shutters in the spas and watering-places abroad. At Aix, Vichy, and all their rivals, the hotels are being put under dust-sheets, their waiters and chambermaids are hurrying off to the Riviera. People, too, are beginning to drift back from Scotland for the "little season" which many of them consider to be the best part of the London year.

Certainly, October is the cosiest and most intimate month of the twelve in London. You can see the people you want to see, and if you asked me the time of year when you hear the best talk in London drawing rooms, I should say unhesitatingly the early autumn afternoons and evenings, when

Photograph *Photopress*

SHADES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES!

The first bloodhound man-hunting trials since 1912 took place last week over Lord Ailesbury's estate, at Savernake Forest, Wiltshire. Mrs. Edmunds is with her bloodhound "Ledburn Barrier" and Tom Hollister. Mrs. Edmunds was the only competitor during one of the championship trials whose hound succeeded in finishing. "Ledburn Barrier" found the "hunted man" (Tom Hollister) after a three miles course on a scent two hours cold in thirty minutes.

parties are small and there's no disturbing knowledge of having to "go on."

But what a pity it is that some woman of position does not imitate the French and Italian fashion of being at home one evening a week to her friends after dinner. In Paris and in Rome people "drop in" on such evenings precisely as they do in London on the afternoons they know they will find a hostess *chez elle*. In London, however, we have a rooted belief that evening entertainments must be either a dinner or a big formal party.

The plan has been tried, but the women all blame the men for its failure. They say a man will not turn out in the evening unless he knows he is going to be fed or definitely amused. Like the Roman populace he must have either food or circuses—or both.

A Modest Author

WE English, after all, cannot really be so bad as some of our critics make us out to be. For instance, during the War, M. Vilmos Ruttkay, a Hungarian gentleman attached to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in London, wrote a book, *A Világháboru : Nemet-Angol Versingés*, which being interpreted means *The World War—German-English Rivalry*. It was not a kindly book, and although the author had been in England for some time he had evidently formed a poor opinion of our national qualities. But the odd thing is that M. Ruttkay has now returned to England as a member of the new Hungarian Legation, and is very anxious that his authorship of this book should not be known. If M. Ruttkay felt that his opinion of us, expressed in a book to which he put his name, was a just one, why should he be so anxious that this publication written in Hungarian should not be known in England?

Photograph *Illustrations*

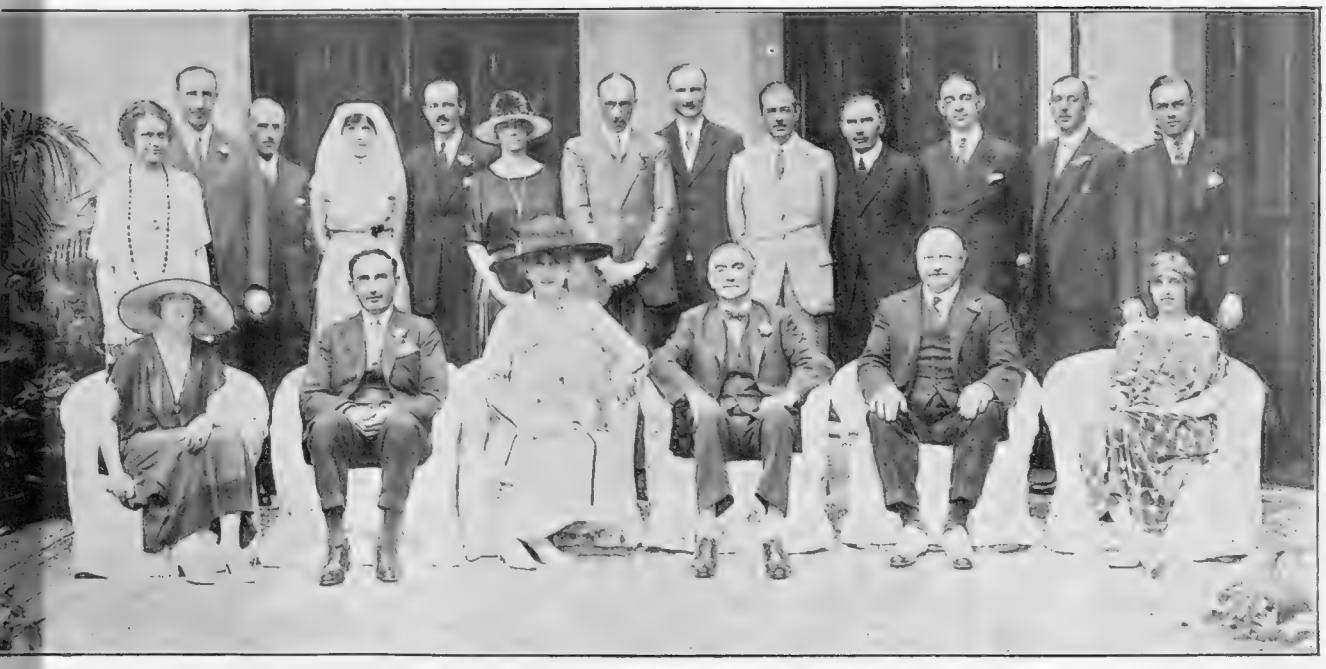
LEAVING THE CHURCH

Miss Frida Mond, the daughter of Mr. Robert Mond and niece of Sir Alfred Mond, Minister of Health, with her husband Major Herbert Brackley, D.S.O., the famous bomber during the war, and the hero of 70 daring raids, after their wedding at St. Andrews, Margaret Street, last week. Major Brackley intends to take up government work in Japan, whither he proceeds very shortly

Photograph *Bassano*

"A WAR WEDDING"—LORD AND LADY NAPIER'S ONLY DAUGHTER MARRIED

Captain Martin-Frobisher, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and the Hon. Augusta Napier, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Napier and Ettrick, of Thirlestane Castle, Ettrick, Selkirkshire, after their marriage at St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road, last week. Originally the wedding was dated for November 1, but Captain Frobisher having received orders to proceed to the East the marriage was arranged at almost instantaneous notice. The bridesmaids were Miss Joan Peel and Miss Elizabeth Peel, the daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Peel. The page was Master Teddie Jewesbury, and the best man Major John Weddell. The bride was given away by her brother, the Master of Napier, in the absence of Lord and Lady Napier, who were unable to be present at such short notice



Photograph *Victor Gamble*

A HOUSE PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NAINI TAL

A recent photograph of Lord and Lady Reading and the guests of Sir Harcourt Butler at his residence at Naini Tal, the beautiful summer resort nestling between the mighty spurs of the Himalayas, and beside a beautiful lake nearly 7,000 feet above sea-level—guaranteed cool. Seated (left to right): Mrs. Victor Gamble, the Viscount Erleigh, H.E. the Countess of Reading, H.E. the Viceroy, H.E. Sir Harcourt Butler, Governor of the United Provinces and Governor designate of Burma, and the Viscountess Erleigh

The LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER. By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *October 2*

DEAR COUSIN—

ISN'T it odd how little things that don't really matter frightfully sometimes reduce one to positive tears of depression, much more than the big ones that do? Like wearing the wrong hat at the wrong time, or being quite polite to people you hate when you meant to squash 'em, or losing your pet and very most belovedest powder-puff. . . . Or even suddenly *remembering* some tiny *faux pas* you made days or weeks or months ago—while the real crimes or calamities get, somehow, borne with or forgotten.

卐

EVEN things, too, that don't happen to oneself at all, like when the beautiful Georges Carpentier got so tragically knocked about and smashed a week ago. Which, I s'pose, wasn't really—if you look at it sensibly and practic'ly—anything like such a tragedy as it seemed. 'Cos, after all, boxing *is* his job—isn't it?—and, anyway, he'll live to fight another day, as they say. And the world'll go on just the same, whoever's heavy-weight champion of it to-day, or to-morrow, or next day—what?

卐

BUT not really *much* good trying to be practical and sensible and logical and all that sort of thing about things like that, is it? And, after all, the great Georges *was* so handsome and charming, and such a personality, something that stood out from all the dull, old crowd of ordinary "famous people"—a real inspired kind of genius like, say, Mr. Lloyd George or Augustus John or Marie Lloyd.

卐

AND who really cared two hoots, as the saying goes, about the Near East "crisis" or anything else, with *his* fate as topic? I ask you. Why, I wonder? I s'pose 'cos, after all, he *is* a fighter, and, p'raps, the most picturesque fighter the world's ever seen. And strength and courage *are* fascinating—aren't they?—if there's other things with 'em as well. Not to men only, either.

卐

ALL the more, too, really, if the courage is partly bluff to cover up weaknesses, as people are saying now of the once idolised Georges. All the more credit to him, *I* say. And now he's a fallen idol, fallen as the leaves are falling:

Leaves! Leaves! Nothing but leaves!
Summer is over; the Winter is coming—

as one of the new poets sings in one of *his* moments of depression. Which do take one rather sharpish-like and in the neck sometimes, don't they, these changing half-and-half days of rain and sunshine and shivers and brilliance and wintry gloom all mixed up and all in one?

"Who cares two hoots about the Near East 'crisis'"

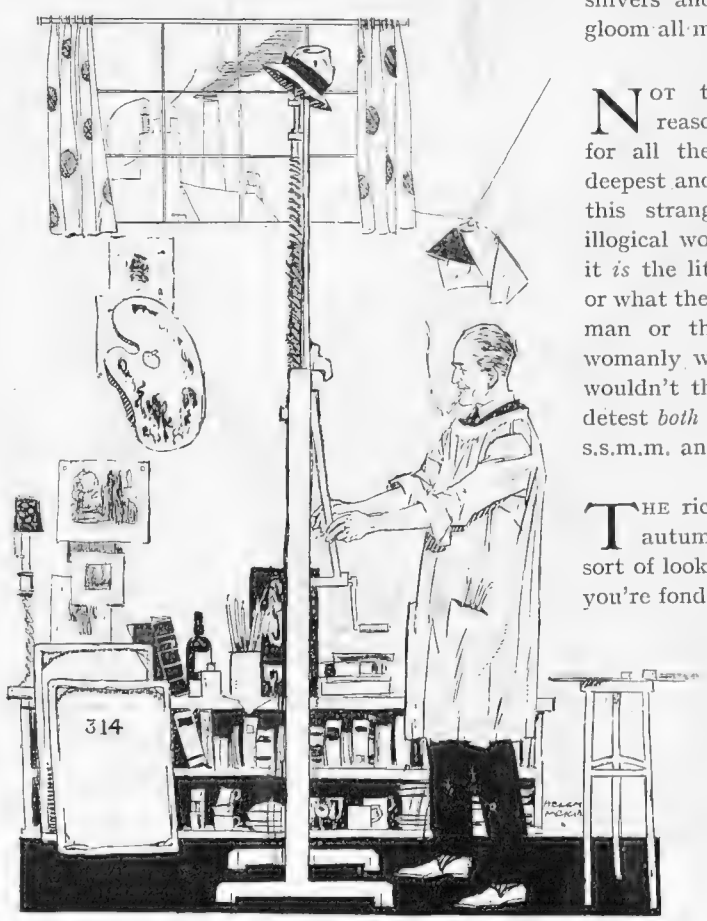
卐

NOT that there's any real reason for it, any more than for all the other things we feel deepest and that move us most, in this strange and imperfect and illogical world. Because, after all, it *is* the little things that count—or what the strong and silent manly man or the weak and talkative womanly woman would call little, wouldn't they? Simply hate and detest *both* kinds, don't you?—the s.s.m.m. and the w.t.w.w., I mean.

卐

THE rich, rare scent of a late autumn rose. . . . A friendly sort of look or word from someone you're fond of. . . . Getting a job of work done just right and just in time. . . . A walk through the woods in the rising morning mist. . . . . A little tiny dog that comes softly, appealingly, asking to be picked up and petted. . . . These things (and

(*Continued on page 28*)



"Getting a job of work done just right"

"Blue and Buff"

Photograph *Sport and General*

A GLIMPSE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' HUNTING BOX

At Easton Grey, near Malmesbury, which he has taken to hunt with the Badminton

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

THE COUNTESS OF ST. GERMANS

Formerly the Lady Blanche Somerset

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AT THE HUNT RACES

Her Grace, one of the best horsewomen of her day, still rides to hounds, and the Duke contrives to see a good deal of the sport from his car

Photographs

LADY DIANA SOMERSET

Who shares the family enthusiasm for the chase

Sport and General

THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER

Who has made a name as one of the smartest amateur huntsmen of the day

In the coming season the Prince of Wales will wear the blue coat, with buff facings, which is the distinctive uniform of the privileged members of the famous Beaufort Hunt

"THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER" (*concluded*)

"Doctors talking about flu"

lots more like 'em) I love, as Rupert Brooke would have said.

卐

You remember his catalogue of his "loves" in *The Great Lover?* "Voices in laughter" is one:

. . . . . And body's pain
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home. . . .
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew. . . .

and all sorts of other trivial bits of every-day life that sound quite childish and ordinary. But matter infinitely more to most of us really, I'm perfectly certain sure, than any old epoch-making world-happenings that ever were or will be.

卐

Quite a lot of nice *little* things beginning to blow around, by the way, here in London now. Leaves may be falling and chill winds fluttering across the fair dead face of summer, as someone puts it. But here in the comfortable sheltered streets and nice warm restaurants and softly darkened theatres and brilliantly thrilling dance-places, the sun's getting up gloriously once more, so to speak, with a perfectly lovely whirr and bustle of perfectly good new shows and excitements and things, bursting into bloom for our benefit every single day of the more and more hectic weeks.

卐

Wide open once more are flung the hospitable portals of the Savoy, the Ritz, Claridge's, and even the Berkeley, for them whose will it is to dine and dance. The Riviera, that d'lightful spot on the very edge of the ancient river Thames, started its dancing career again last week, with a new restaurant to support the inner man (and woman) in the noble work of fox-trotting and one-stepping through a strenuous night.

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At the Metropole the Midnight Follies, spite of L.C.C. attempts to cramp their style, flourish exceedingly with their really wonderful effort in the way of the Cabaret shows that seem to be spreading now all over this little old burg—Queen's Hall, Murray's (under entirely new management, as the advertising people put it), etc., etc. Ciro's is in full blast, or nearly, and even the counter-attractions of pheasant-shooting don't seem to be able to keep everyone away from the fascinations of the Roof Garden at the Cri.

"The hospitable portals of the Savoy, the Ritz are wide open once more"

卐

Who was it said, by the way, that the dancing craze was dead, or waning to its close? Rather failed to ring the bell and snaffle the packet of cigarettes, they have, methinks, as the saying goes. What with, *par exemple*, even the staid Belgravia in Grosvenor Gardens taking to a dinner-dancing night every Friday, complete with jazz band and exhibition dancers all thrown in!

卐

Rather lovely life in the way of little things really, what? And opera starting again at Covent Garden, after all, next week as ever is, with the Carl Rosa people who ('tween you and me) can do it lots better than some of the people who advertise lots more. And theatres getting packed, after the sad, sad slump that overtook them only a little while ago.

卐

Really b'lieve, you know, if only we can escape the usual autumn flu that all the doctors are all (as usual) beginning to talk about, we shall have, with care (or recklessness) quite a fairly amusing autumn season. And talking of autumn and things, what have *you* backed for the Ces rewitch next Wednesday as ever is? I've put all my housekeeping money on Ballyheron.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette

The Fourth Dimension

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

ONE OF THE OBJECTIONS OF SALISBURY PLAIN AS A HUNTING GROUND

IN THE "PINK"

BY FREDERICK PARKER

EVE—THE STRIKER

By "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"To whom it shall bring the gladness"

MES AMIS—

IT is not pleasant to be the bearer of the bad news. There are the many, one knows, to whom the disclosure, which a regard for the verity compels me to make, will bring the tinges of regret. Perhaps that there may be others to whom it shall bring the gladness, notably those elderly or unbeautiful ladies whom we have had often occasion to mention, who have ever found the delight in the disappointment of those who possess the different tastes. But one has not the tiniest doubt that the most of your sympathies, as of mine, shall go to those who are menaced to be deprived of one of the spectacles of Paris which they have considered to be worth the trip. This calamity is concerned with the *demoiselles* who fulfil the unspeakable parts in the *revues*. They have whispered the threat to take off.

THAT is, one must hasten to add, to take themselves off—off the stage and out of the theatre altogether. So far as many of them are concerned, "themselves" is about the only thing which is left for them to take off, as everything else has long ago been divested.

NOT that one has the complaint to make about that. They are mostly gifted with the beautiful form. If they were not they would not ever have secured the *rôle*. If they have altered the version of the poet that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever" into "a thing of beauty is a joy for everybody," I have not, personally, anything to say in the opposition. And that, one has the belief, shall be the view of all the *amis* who have made the excursion to Paris.

ONE has not the doubt at all what is the impulse which does direct the feet of the tourist, *toute de suite*, to the Folies-Bergère and the Casino de Paris. Unmistakably it is not the vocalism or the acrobatics, or even the scenes which include the incursion into the room of another. All of these may be witnessed in London, and possibly with the greater technique.

NO, it is indisputably the bevy of the ladies who have the duty to form the natural setting for some gorgeously coloured spectacle which has the design to send the thrills among the dazzled onlookers. The tableau may vary from the interior of a Turkish harem to the arena of a bull-fight in Spain, but the *demoiselles* who have the duty to compose the background have the minutest variation of attire or unattire. Mostly, of course, it is the unattire.

CONTRARY to all the laws of the artistry, but perhaps not contrary to the laws of the nature, this is an occasion where the foreground is planned to give the emphasis to the background. What the foreground is matters but little so long as there is plenty of the background. *En effet*, the less that the foreground interferes with the vision of the background, the greater the satisfaction of the *amateur*.

OF course the background—that is the *demoiselles* of the form most fair who constitute it—have been always aware of the supremacy of their importance; have been completely cognisant of the fact that they are of far greater regard than the luxuriously robed *señoritas* or *houris* who share with them the stage. For the long time, thus, they have been content with the pride of place in the public affection. They have not stopped to dispute over the mercenary matters of salary when they have unquestionably had pre-eminence in the public favour.

"To be deprived of one of the spectacles"

"EVE—THE STRIKER" (*concluded*)

"They have whispered the threat to take off"

BUT a new spirit has come to these Eves. They have come to the conclusion that beauty ought not to be contented merely with honour, but that it should have, also, a more substantial reward. With the design to gain the sympathy, they have revealed the scantiness of the remuneration which they have hitherto been allowed. It has been shown to be as scanty as their garb. And while the scantiness in the one direction may have the approval of the public, the scantiness which is stinginess is unanimously reproved. The *belles* have the complete support of the audiences in the effort to force the increases of the salary.

IT has appeared that the remuneration has been calculated in the inverse ratio to the amount of the draperies. The *point de départ* is at 350 francs a month, which, translated into the pounds sterling, is somewhere in the vicinity of six. For this sum, *bien minime*—about sufficient to pay the price of the twice a day *autobus*—the *demoiselle* must possess the bust which need not fear the comparison with that of the Venus de Milo.

AND the highest salary is but 400 francs a month. To earn the which the recipient must have not alone the bust of perfection but the whole *forme*. She must have been cast entirely in the faultless mould, for as this *forme* is *étalée* for the criticism of the assembly it must not give occasion for the criticism adverse.

SOME of the managers have presented the objection that as the girls have not anything to say they have not the labour to memorise a part and thus ought not to expect as much money as the other girls. But the *belles* retort that they have to study the art to pose, and that to sing or to say a few words is not half so difficult as to remain still and preserve their statuesque beauty.

BUT the *belles* do not believe it to be the good policy to waste the time in the argument. So they have made the threat to commence the strike if the managers do not concede to their terms. This, as one has said, is the bad news for the patrons who support the *revues* because of these *demoiselles* of the undraperies. Certainly they will have the inclination to save the admittance fee if the strike shall materialise.

YET one has the belief that it will not. Though the *demoiselles* have needed the long while to come to a realisation of their importance to the programme, they have now the correct appreciation of their value to the managers; and one shall be much surprised if the managers do not decide that it is better to meet the demands than to lose the attractions. They have not any alternative to offer which can in any degree compete at the box-office.

As the most expensive pair of ladies' pyjamas"

NOT even such things as the most expensive pair of ladies' pyjamas in the world, with the pantaloons in pink silk, draped in the harem style with cuffs at the ankle. These may possess a certain appeal, but it is as naught by the side of beauty unadorned, save by a very limited amount of diaphanous veilings. No, after the reflections, one makes the conclusion that the news shall not be as bad as it has seemed at the first shock, for the strike which is threatened does appear so very unlikely to happen. ROLAND

The Falling Leaves

BY ALFRED LEETE

"WHAT'S IT MATTER? WE CAN GROW PLENTY MORE IN THE SPRING"

A River Idyll

Photograph *Sidney H. Nichols*

HOPING FOR THE BEST 'MID THE SUNLIT SHADOWS

Produced on the 12th of September

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

It seems that dear old Arnold Winkelried was the unconscious author of much of the trouble in this play. You will remember him as the sturdy Swiss fighter of the fourteenth century who charged the Austrian spearmen, and, gathering as many of the spearheads as he could reach, buried them in his own body, thus making a breach in the enemy line. It was no doubt difficult for his posterity to live up to the splendid record of their noble ancestor, but nothing much seems to have gone wrong with them till the present generation. Old Jurg Winkelried, for instance, is a prosperous farmer, and the highly respected Mayor of Sempach, the place at which his great ancestor fell gloriously with his face (and his waistcoat-buttons) to the foe. The memory of the great and gallant Winkelried is celebrated annually at Sempach by a street procession and the usual fireworks, and as the play opens Jurg W. is getting ready to take his place in the procession as Mayor and torch-bearer.

GARRY MARSH AND OLGA LINDO

Unhappily, Jurg W.'s family has slid back into decadence. Henry, for instance, has abandoned his college career in favour of a life of sustained idleness, fortified by tobacco and the meretricious allurements of strong drink. Suzanne is keeping company with her father's peasant foreman, doubtless with the most honourable of intentions, though the young people do seem to wander from city to city without a chaperon. But the champion waster of the family is undoubtedly George, a young man of twenty, who, with the profound wisdom peculiar to that mature age, proposes to model the world anew. He conducts a paper called the *Red Flag*, which is financed by a Russian enthusiast, who, when he is short of money, is prepared to sell a diamond necklace or so from the large stock he appears to have in hand. In this respect at least the story is very much up-to-date.

George has been walking out with a nice girl named Margaret Veitel, but humdrum married life is hardly the ideal of a young man who holds the simple Communist faith that every woman is his if he should want her. So he leaves Margaret to her trouble, arguing disastrously that she is equally guilty with himself, and takes up with another lady. Although Winkelried's sons are grown up they still share their widowed father's house, and, indeed, he is very pleased to have them there if they will only be good. But one day George brings to the house his new *fiancée*, who, like most ladies of revolutionary tendencies, is very broadminded on the sex question. Old Jurg W. does not like the idea of having a lady of her kind in the house, and after tolerating her for a while he

MAURICE MOSCOVITCH AS JURG WINKELRIED

suddenly gets up and orders her off the premises with an outspoken epithet of opprobrium. At this juncture George feels that it is his duty to protect the balance (if any) of the lady's good name, and he rushes forward and slaps his old man in the face. This is a

tremendously dramatic scene, and is so finely acted by all concerned that ladies in the audience murmur audibly their horror at this distinctly unfilial act.

FROM that moment Jurg W. washes his hands of his family. He packs the lot of them off, and then, instead of bearing the torch in the annual procession, he just uses it to set fire to the house instead. In the next act we find ourselves in the Councillors' Room at Sempach. Jurg Winkelried, having burnt his house (without even the satisfaction of having roasted a pig by his rash act), has been wandering homeless in the woods for two days. He comes to the Council to resign his office as Mayor, and there he learns that the unhappy Margaret Veitel, George's victim, has hanged herself. It is a Winkelried that has wrought this iniquity. The story is tragic enough, but the scene here is leavened with a little humour arising from amusing types of character represented by the Councillors themselves. The third act brings us to the office of the *Red Flag*, where George is smarting under the want of pence that vexes public men. Presently his *fiancée* comes in with a smart new frock, and she is quite indignant when he asks her how she came by it. I judge that in Communistic circles it is not etiquette to compliment a lady on the charm of her frock, as that might involve an explanation of the circumstances under which it was acquired.

GEORGE is standing for election as the People's Candidate, or something of that sort. Presently old Jurg W. strolls into the room, and says he wants to see his son George alone. Left to themselves Jurg W. rightly says that he does not consider that his son George is fit to represent anything that is decent, and when George scoffs at the old man's copybook morality, Jurg W. commands him to sit down and write for publication a confession that he did wrong to an innocent girl, in consequence of which she was driven to take her fair young life. George laughs the idea to scorn, and there is a grim and terrible earnestness about the

old man as he snatches a revolver from his pocket, and solemnly swears that if that confession is not started before ten seconds have passed George will be shot through the heart. This is a very tense moment, because Jurg looks the kind of man who can be relied on to keep his pledged word, even in so terrible a crisis as that facing him at the moment. As the head of the Winkelried family, with the remembrance of his great ancestor to keep in respect, Jurg cannot let it be said that a son of his has ruthlessly gone the wanton way. George holds out against his father until nine seconds have been counted, and then in a storm of tears he flings himself into a chair and writes and signs the confession that will ruin him, even in the eyes of his brother Reds. For, as Jurg says, though the Working Man may be led astray by false counsels, he will think twice before placing his womenfolk at the mercy of over-zealous Reformers of the Red Flag type.

MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITCH is, of course, a tower of strength in any play, and here he is easily the dominating figure throughout. He has in his calmer moments the gentle, pleading way of the Popular Preacher striving to bring sinners to the fold, and even in his wrath he is still appealing and persuasive. The play itself is frankly anti-Red, and as such may supply a long-felt-want at the present moment, when there is a bit too much Brotherhood about for the peace and comfort of the community. As the unhappy Margaret Miss Muriel Alexander gives a most impressive performance, and Mr. Leslie Banks succeeded in making the misguided George perfectly horrid. At one time during the play the talk turned upon the need for statesmen, and one of the speakers pointed his argument by declaring that the British Cabinet is full of statesmen. The remark was greeted with a shout of derisive laughter, which suggested that if the mere public do not know anything, they at least suspect something. I think Mr. Moscovitch will hold the attention of London for some time with his new play. JINGLE

FROM THE DRY POINT BY JEAN HARDY

L'AUTOMNE

In a Bar

Looking at fences on paper does not, perhaps, inspire the stranger with the same awe the gina
those used to a flying country, banks are, in reality

Country

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

nals do when first encountered! Although a banking country is somewhat alarming to ity, the safest obstacles in the hunting field

AUTUMN TWIGS—AND LEAVES

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

TOP O' THE HUNT

By ARTHUR MILLS

PACEY LAKE was not much to look at, but he was the star turn of the Crawley Vale Hunt. People used to point him out to visitors, and warn them not to follow him if they valued their necks. Pacey would put a horse at anything if hounds were running, they said.

It was to his pride of place in the hunting-field that he owed his happy position in the graces of Molly Kentire. Molly liked a good man on a horse, and admired Pacey enormously.

Molly's papa was rich, and never interfered with the whims of his only daughter. By the middle of the second season Pacey had made himself very much at home in the Kentire household, running in and out of the house as he pleased, buying Molly's horses for her, going to the meet in her car, riding back with her from hunting.

Molly thought everything Pacey did quite wonderful.

About this time Molly's aunt arrived, a London lady, somewhat worldly. She got Pacey sized up in two days.

"Who's that little horse-coping fellow that's always hanging about Molly?" she asked John Kentire.

Sir John said he did not know much about Pacey, but that he seemed quite a decent little fellow.

"The next thing that'll happen is that they'll be getting engaged," said Molly's aunt.

"Well," said Sir John

"My dear John, the man's impossible; a nobody from nowhere; he hasn't got any money, or any relations anyone has ever heard of; he is just a common horse-dealer. You don't mean to say you'd let Molly marry him?"

"She hasn't spoken to me about it yet."

"Well, that's what'll happen—you mark my words, if things are allowed to run on, anyhow. Give the girl a chance of meeting some nice men. If she stops on down here seeing no one from one month to another, any man she sees enough of will seem wonderful to her; she's so pretty, too, she could marry anyone she wanted to."

"I'm sure I hope whoever Molly marries will be the man she loves," said John Kentire.

However, Molly's aunt was not to be stopped. Knowing Molly's tastes she knew it would be no good getting a man as a counter-attraction to Pacey who did not hunt. Molly would not have looked at anyone like that. Therefore she wrote to her old crony, Lady Drew, whose son, she knew, hunted regularly in Leicestershire, and suggested he might care to come down to Warren for a week's hunting.

Bob Drew came, bringing his horses with him.

Pacey got the plan sized up with creditable astuteness. Young Drew had been got in to cut him out. Up till now Pacey had been sitting tight, not wanting (as he put it to himself) to break the tapes before the gate went up, or, in other words, to ask Molly to marry him until he was sure she would say yes. She was very young, and it would be a mistake to flurry her. Pacey was no Solomon on feminine matters, but on the principle of never flurrying a young horse he had been careful not to fluster Molly.

The arrival of Bob Drew put the weights all wrong. If Bob meant business, Pacey might find himself short-headed before he had had time to get his whip out. Drew was younger than Pacey; he was a nice-looking young man with agreeable manners. "However," Pacey reflected, "we'll see how he shapes on a horse." If there was one thing that Pacey regarded as a cold stone certainty it was that Molly would never have any use for a man who made a poor show in the hunting-field. He knew it was to his own prowess in that direction that he owed any attraction he had for her.

Pacey ran an exploring eye over young Drew at the meet. He looked first at his horses. They didn't take long to size up—thoroughbred, and three hundred guineas apiece. Their rider's turn-out was in keeping; cutaway, swallow-tail coat, leathers, canary tops—the whole turnout,

(All rights strictly reserved)

"TOP O' THE HUNT" (*continued*)

from the crown of the glossy hat to the immaculately cleaned boots was Melton Mowbray.

Which, as it happened, was just where young Drew came from.

"Mr. Drew has been hunting with the Quorn," Molly whispered to Pacey. "I'm afraid he'll find this a bit slow."

"Oh, if hounds run, he'll be able to keep himself warm, I daresay," Pacey answered.

Hounds did run just after that, as fast as any man could have wanted them to. The field did not get away well, being held up by a brook, considered locally too wide to jump. Pacey was jockeying with the others for his turn at a narrow bridge, when he saw a cutaway coat come sailing down at the brook, clear it, and gallop on after hounds. Molly saw the exploit, too.

"Damn!" muttered Pacey, as he realised he had been cut down.

He bustled along, catching up young Drew. They took the next few fences side by side. Meanwhile, Pacey tried to size his rival up. He judged that Drew's horse was about as good an animal as money could buy, and that Drew had only to sit on his back to be sure of seeing any hunt.

"I'd like to see you getting over a country on some of the horses I've had to ride, young feller-me-lad," thought Pacey, as he watched Drew take a double post and rails that no other follower of the hunt would look at.

As far as Molly was concerned, a lot of harm was done that day. Pacey, with all the determination in the world, couldn't compete with his better mounted rival, and lost his pride of place in the hunt. In fact, the way the visitor went set everybody talking.

"Did you see that place he jumped—just after we left the osier beds?" Molly said to Pacey, at a check.

"No," answered Pacey, "we were going too fast to look back."

"Oh, but he was in front of you; you went through the gate with the rest."

'A chap who rides horses like he does ought to be able to jump anything; he pays enough for 'em," said Pacey, sourly.

"I don't think the horses make the difference," Molly answered; 'a good man will go well on anything, and I'm sure it wouldn't make any difference to Mr. Drew what he rode."

"H'm!" said Pacey; and at that precise instant got his needed inspiration.

Next morning, being a non-hunting day, he hacked over to see his friend, Mr. Forum, the horse-dealer. They had had many transactions together, and understood one another excellently.

"Morning, sir," Mr. Forum greeted his client, "I was just a-going to telephone to you. I've got a young horse in last night that I think——"

Pacey cut him short. "Never mind his qualities, Forum—can he jump?"

"Jump, sir!" Mr. Forum looked pained. "Why he cleared those rails at the bottom of my paddock as though——"

"Then he's no good to me," Pacey interrupted; "I want a horse that can't jump—something that would shy if you showed it a sheep hurdle."

"Carriage work?" enquired Mr. Forum.

"No, hunting," answered Pacey.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Forum.

"I am not trying to be funny," said Pacey; "if you've got the horse I want I'll buy him off you—there's an offer."

"Well," said Mr. Forum, "I had a horse sent back to me yesterday—give back, as you might say—that ain't exactly clever; don't know what's the matter with him, I'm sure—looks well enough, but he ain't got the heart of an 'unter."

"Trot him out," said Pacey.

Mr. Forum gave an order, and presently one of his lads led out a great raw-boned bay horse, with an enormous head, a bow-shaped nose, and long, large jointed, clumsy looking legs.

"What's his history?" asked Pacey.

"Dunno, 'e's a mystery horse. I bought 'im off a gypsy at Barrow Fair, thought he'd do as an 'ireling. But, Lord bless you, the last gentleman I let him out to for four guineas for the day was looking for me for weeks afterwards with a gun. So a day or two ago I sold 'im for what I give for him, no profit, and this mornin', as I say, the gentleman I sold 'im to come and give 'im back to me. Jumbo, I call him, and Jumbo 'e is—helephant!" Mr. Forum glared at his purchase.

Pacey regarded the horse thoughtfully, then climbed on his back. Kicking him into a canter he put him at a low gorse schooling fence. The horse refused twice, and the third time, forcefully persuaded by Pacey, leant against it and fell over on his nose.

"You're sure he wouldn't get warmed up and start jumping if hounds were running?" Pacey enquired.

"No, he's worse with 'ounds, hates the sight of 'em," Mr. Forum assured him.

"All right, send him down to me. I'll give you a tenner for him."

"'E'd fetch more than that at the kennels," Mr. Forum protested.

"Well, call it fifteen sovs then," said Pacey.

That evening Pacey had some conversation with Lantern, his groom, the gist of which was that if Mr. Drew's groom lost the way going on with Mr. Drew's horses next day it would not much matter, as Mr. Drew could ride one of his (Pacey's) horses. Which conversation Lantern accurately interpreted to mean that for some reason his master wanted Mr. Drew to find himself horseless at the meet, and that he was then going to be lent this latest purchase.

The next day young Drew arrived at the meet to find no horses waiting for him. His man, misdirected by Lantern, had taken the wrong road.

"Bad luck," said Pacey. "Look here, you'd better ride my second horse; I daresay he'll carry you all right."

Drew thanked him very much, and climbed up on to Jumbo.

"Now, my lad," thought Pacey, "you won't cut me down to-day, anyway."

Shortly after, hounds got a fox away from a spinney, and the field galloped for a low stake and bound fence that looked a comfortable jump for a child's pony. It was such a small fence that young Drew hardly thought about it as he caught Jumbo by the head and set him at it. Jumbo, however, had his own ideas. Three yards from

(*Continued on page 44*)

A Matter of Choice

BY LENDON

TAKING ONE BEHIND HIM

"TOP O' THE HUNT" (*concluded*)

the fence he jammed his toes in the ground and pulled up with a jerk that shot Drew on to his neck. Drew climbed back on to the saddle, basted Jumbo, and set him at the fence again. The second time Jumbo did his celebrated falling act, planting his breast bone against the fence, and tumbling forward on to his nose.

Pacey watched, grinning.

"Where's Mr. Drew?" enquired Molly, when hounds checked a few fields farther on.

"I think he's having trouble with that horse I lent him," answered Pacey. "Finds him a bit different from what he's used to riding; the horse is all right, just needs handling but, of course, he isn't a four hundred guinea patent safety."

Molly said nothing. She began to think that perhaps after all Pacey had been right, and that in young Drew's case it was the horses not the man that mattered; her opinion of young Drew dropped proportionately.

A nice little hunt of twenty minutes followed, in which young Drew got hopelessly left. He came up hot and exhausted five minutes after the fox had been broken up. Good manners forbade him from saying what he thought to Jumbo's owner, but his face was expressive. "How does he suit you?" asked Pacey, genially.

Young Drew gave a sickly grin.

"Haven't had much chance to find out yet," he answered.

"He wants warming up a bit at the start," said Pacey, "but once he's going I find he'll jump anything."

Up to date, as Pacey well knew, Jumbo had not jumped a single obstacle.

Molly looked at Bob Drew rather coldly.

"I saw you having a lot of trouble at that first fence."

"I was," Drew answered.

"Curious—it is very unlike him to refuse." Pacey looked affectionately at Jumbo. "Look here, if you can't manage him, would you rather ride this one?"

"No, thank you," answered Drew, shortly.

The next draw lay on an estate, famous locally for the excellent way it was kept up. There was not a cottage roof that leaked a drop of water in twelve months, hedges were neatly trimmed, and even the gates had been whitewashed. These whitewashed gates were a feature of the neighbourhood; they were the ordinary five-barred size, but made of very stout wood. Pacey had been known to jump one when hounds were running fast.

The estate lay in a vale which was one of the best bits of country the hunt possessed, and when hounds were put into some osiers everybody was in great hopes of a hunt.

Expectations were fulfilled. A fox went away in the right direction, and hounds and field followed him over a delightful country.

The unfortunate young Drew and Jumbo, of course, got stuck at the very first fence. Both Pacey and Mollie saw the pair.

"Can't understand it—most unfortunate," said Pacey.

"I am beginning to think you are right," said Molly. "He doesn't seem to be any good on a strange horse."

Meanwhile, young Drew, pale with rage and exhaustion, had taken Jumbo out into the middle of the field to see if he could see a gap. Suddenly one of the white-painted gates caught his eye. Digging Jumbo into a canter he approached, working Jumbo into a gallop until the old horse was going as hard as he could. Fifty yards away the gate looked formidable.

Drew squeezed Jumbo with his knees.

"Now, crash into that, you cow," he said, setting his teeth and preparing for the heaviest fall of his life.

The bars of that gate wouldn't give, he knew. Suddenly, by that instinctive means by which a horse can sometimes communicate with a human being, Drew realised that for once in his life Jumbo meant to try and jump. As they neared the gate he could feel Jumbo collecting himself beneath him.

"You old fool," thought Drew, kicking his feet from the stirrups, "you've as much chance of getting over a gate as a cat has of swimming the Channel."

To his amazement Jumbo took off at exactly the right moment, rose beautifully, and cleared the gate with inches to spare.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" thought Drew. "If it is gates you like you shall have some more of them."

Stretching up the valley he could see four or five more white gates, all on the line hounds were running. He set Jumbo at the next, and the next, and the next. Jumbo took them all faultlessly. Six gates in succession did Drew and Jumbo jump, and the whole field saw it, including Molly and Pacey Lake.

"Well, what about your man who can only ride expensive horses now?" asked Molly. "Have you ever jumped six gates running in your life?"

Pacey said nothing, he was completely mystified. When they overtook young Drew, who, thanks to the gates, had resumed his place at the top of the hunt, the latter could find no words to express his enthusiasm.

"You are right," he said, patting Jumbo's neck, "he's splendid once one has got him along. Ah! I see my horses are here now; I'll give him back—thanks so much."

Molly looked at young Drew admiringly. Pacey's face was a picture.

They had had a pretty busy morning, and as Drew's own horses were found, Pacey ordered Jumbo to be taken home.

The horse completely mystified him. If he had not seen it with his own eyes he would not have believed it possible—a great, clumsy animal like that, that would not go over a two-foot high thorn fence, to jump six gates in succession without falling.

Next day Lantern enlightened him. Lantern made it his business to find out the history of every horse that came into his stables.

"Beg pardon, sir, but that new 'oss of ours ought to be able to jump. He belonged to Besam's circus, used to go round the ring jumping them white-painted poles. I daresay an ordinary fence 'ud come a bit strange to him, but——"

"Good Heavens, Lantern! I can't go round the country with a paint-brush painting the tops of all the hedges."

Pacey was short-tempered that morning, as he had just heard that Molly and young Drew were engaged.

ARTHUR MILLS

"Mr. Garrick"

GERALD LAWRENCE

As he appears in the name-part of Louis N. Parker's latest costume play produced at the Court Theatre on Friday last. Mr. Parker has given us a new story, in comparison with the light opera "David Garrick," but retains the famous drunken scene, and introduces, among other characters, Goldsmith, Doctor Johnson, and the ubiquitous "Bozzy"

HUNTRESS AND HUNTED

By E. L. ROBERTS

[*"The Venus type of woman is disappearing . . . . she is being replaced by a type of womanhood resembling Diana."*—DAILY PAPER.]

DIANA was a goddess who
Indulged a potent passion
For hunting, caring not a sou
For frocks, or frills, or Fashion.

Slender and swift she sped along,
Her hunting-knife a-dangle,
With dress (not much, of course!) all "wrong,"
And lovelocks in a tangle.

And modern Woman now inclines
To imitate this lady,
Whose life was run on sporting lines,
Whose "past" was not TOO shady.

The Venus type of form and face
Is "off"—designers copy
The sprightly Goddess of the Chase
Whose "lines" were not so floppy.

Man views the change with trembling knee—
He's really rather sorry
For poor, discarded Venus . . . . (HE
Suspects that he's the QUARRY!)

SKETCHES BY A. E. BESTALL

A MIXED BAG

By Trever Evans

First Keeper: "What luck, George?"
Second Keeper: "Foine! My bloke's been collecting for the Natural 'Istory Museum!"

A "MISS"-FIRE

By Graham Simmons

He: "What was that shot?"
She: "It's all right; that was only dad missing something!"

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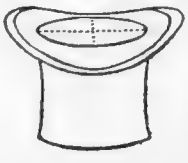

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FOXHUNTING PROSPECTS

BRIGHT OUTLOOK *for a* GOOD SEASON'S SPORT

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Forrard Away!

YES; here's another hunting season, and you can take it that the grand old sport, whose doom has been so often predicted, is very much alive and kicking. If all that the pessimists have foretold had come to pass, then foxhunting would have been dead for many a year. Yet what do we find? Activity in every hunting district, coverts well stocked with foxes, well-bred hounds never so highly prized, and good sportsmen in plenty—aye, and sportswomen, too—to fill the responsible and expensive positions of leadership. If anything could have killed foxhunting it would have been those grim years of war, when only a devoted few greybeards and the womenfolk were left to "carry on," when hounds had to be sacrificed wholesale on the unyielding altar of rationing, when foxes had to be thinned by methods which made every huntsman shudder. It was touch-and-go with the future of the sport in many countries. But it weathered the great storm, and after the difficult period of reconstruction it is in fair water again at last. Fair water, did I say? Well, perhaps hardly "fair," because there are still a few nasty undercurrents which have to be guarded against, just as they were before the War. Yet, on the whole there is very little to find fault with in the present position of the Chase.

Under-Currents

WHAT are the "undercurrents" to which I have hinted in the foregoing paragraph? One cause for regret, if not actual alarm, is the fact that farming has become less profitable, and this position has not been eased by the extremely unfavourable harvesting conditions which have prevailed this year. A bad time for farming inevitably reacts unfavourably upon foxhunting. For one thing, it means that wire, as the cheapest fencing, will be on the increase—and goodness knows the beastly stuff is prevalent enough already in many places. It means, too, that agriculturists cannot view with equanimity the damage to property which foxhunting sometimes causes. It means, again, that farmers may be unable to come out with the hounds so often as they have done in recent seasons—and nothing pleases the average M.F.H. so much as to see a large proportion of his field composed of farmers and their sons and daughters. Foxhunting could never have properly righted itself after the War if it had not been for the splendid assistance which the farmers rendered in every possible direction. The occupiers of the land were forbearing with their claims when nearly every Hunt found the financial shoe pinching very tightly. Time and again the farmers have proved themselves the best friends of foxhunting.

Encouraging Prospects

WHAT are the prospects of sport in the season which is opening out before us? The outlook is distinctly encouraging in most places. If we are to be guided by the reports which have reached us from all sides during the past few days, the prospects of sport were seldom brighter. It has been quite the exception to receive a discouraging forecast of the season. A great deal, of course, depends upon the weather; but, given an open winter, followers of hounds would seem to be in for a really good time. Only from a few small countries have gloomy reports come to hand. For example, with the Derwent Hounds, which cover a much-varied country around Scarborough, prospects are laconically described as "moderate." Mr. Claude S. Norton has just taken over this country, with Mr. Robin Hill as his amateur huntsman, and I hope that things will turn out better for them than is expected. "More land going down, more wire going up, and 'foreign' shooting syndicates do not show much love to the Hunt," runs our report from the Hampshire Hunt. But the farmers there are "the very best and great supporters of the Hunt," while there is a satisfactory lot of litters in the country. Some of the smaller countries in Wales complain of a shortage of foxes, but, taken collectively, the reports speak of an abundance of the right material.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Missed a season's hunting last winter, but he means to make up for it now with the Beaufort and neighbouring packs

Cub-Hunting Delays

LAST autumn we were crying out for rain. This year our curiously balanced climate has given us rather more than we want, with the result that the harvest has been abnormally late. The last week of September found many thousands of acres of corn still uncut, in which scores of foxes had found a temporary home, secure for the time being from the attentions of hounds. This, of course, has had the effect of throwing back cub-hunting operations considerably, and in some cases young entries were not blooded until fully a month later than usual. Still, conditions underfoot will be eminently favourable when the corn is finally ingathered, and the country promises to be in good riding order for the opening of the regular season. One thing, there will be no great fissures in the land to crock up horses, such as we had last November. Owing to the lateness of the season the country will probably be more

"blind" than usual until Christmas, but against that has to be set the fact that scenting conditions should enable hounds to catch their foxes in good style.

The Midland Packs

In the Midland counties things go on pretty much the same as last year. Mr. W. Edmund Paget and Major A. E. Burnaby still manage the Quorn with Walter Wilson as huntsman, and all Leicestershire is agreed that the combination could scarcely be improved upon. Quorn

NOTABLE INCIDENTS IN A GOOD DAY'S SPORT, FROM THE GAY MUSTE
DEPICTED B

MAJOR LIONEL B. HOLLIDAY
Who has gone from the Derwent to the Badsworth country

prospects are good, and plenty of foxes had been found up to the end of September. With the Cottesmore, too, the outlook is excellent, and now that he knows the country, Jim Welsh is likely to do even better as huntsman. During cub-hunting these hounds — there are now seventy couples — have done very well, and the supply of foxes was never better. Almost all the houses which were to be let in the Cottesmore country have been taken, but there is plenty of good stabling and a comfortable inn at Oakham. The Belvoir kennel is now back to its old strength, and there should be good sport in store on both sides of their country, while the Fernie will be more popular than ever after their brilliant performances last season. In spite of the dry weather, the Pytchley also had a great season, and with Frank Freeman as good as ever he was, they look like doing equally well this time.

In Warwickshire

Happily, the little rumpus which arose in the Warwickshire country last winter was quickly and peacefully settled. Although as one result they lost an excellent huntsman, it is thought that J. Champion will prove himself an able successor to C. Littleworth, who has gone to the Holderness in Yorkshire. The Warwickshire kennel has been strengthened up to eighty couples in order to cover the new arrangement of hunting five days a week. Mr. Joshua Fielden will still be huntsman twice a week. There is a new Master in the Atherstone country, Major W. E. Lyon, who has demonstrated his capabilities with the Badsworth, having filled the gap, and he will be huntsman as well as M.F.H.

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. T. MILLER
Who has taken over the Avon Vale pack

MR. M. S. THOMSON
The Berwickshire Hunt's new M.F.H.

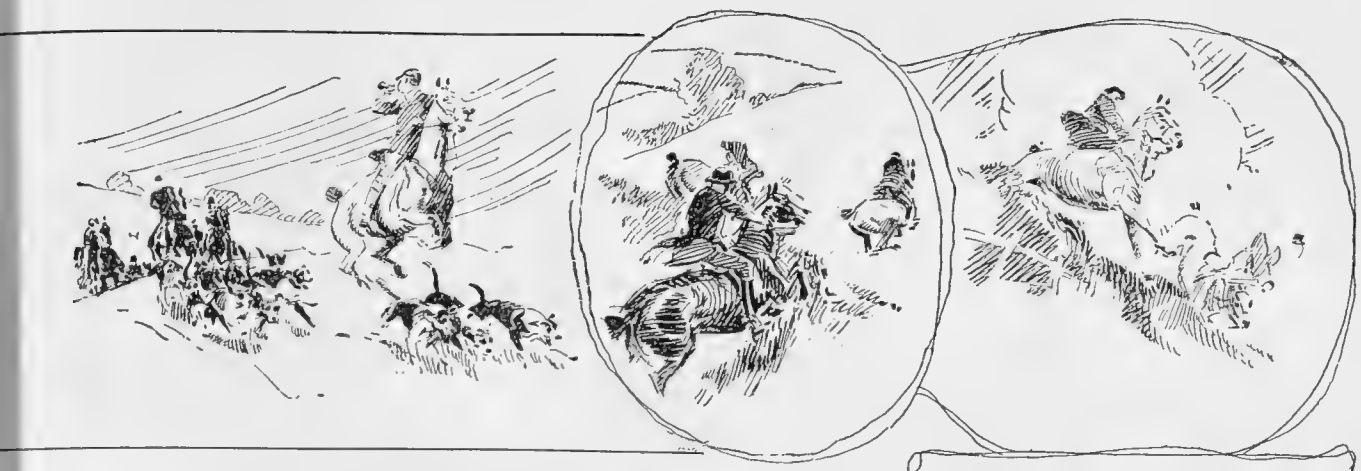
Grafton Prospects

Lord Hillingdon's prospects with the Grafton are very favourable. His new huntsman, W. Freeman, comes with a great reputation from the Zetland country. Although the wet autumn has delayed harvesting operations, it has been otherwise suitable for hunting, and there has been nothing to hinder work among the cubs in the big woods. Hounds are in exceptionally good condition, foxes are plentiful everywhere, and very good reports are to hand from districts which have not yet been visited. "Prospects excellent, cubs plentiful, and hounds fit," is the report which Lord Chesham is able to send from the Bicester country, where he has just succeeded Major J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale in the command. Many will remember his father as a very successful Master of this pack, and the traditions of the Hunt should be quite safe in his hands. Everything points to a good season with their neighbours the Heythrop. I have a similarly hopeful report from the Whaddon Chase.

The Beaufort

It came as a surprise to many to learn that the Prince of Wales, instead of spending much of the season in the Midlands, as he did prior to his Eastern tour, had decided to make the Badminton country his headquarters. He has taken a hunting-box for the winter at Easton Grey, near Malmesbury.

MAJOR J. AGNEW
The new Joint Master of the Suffolk Hounds



AT THE MEETING-PLACE TO THE TRIUMPHANT "WHO-WHOOP," AS HOWARD K. ELCOCK

In the Beaufort domains he will certainly find everything which a keen foxhunter could desire — magnificent packs of hounds, hunting six days a week, gloriously varied country, and a delightful company of landowners, subscribers, and sporting farmers. Young Lord Worcester has already made a great reputation as huntsman, and Tom Newman, too, is one of the leaders of his profession. While the Duke of Beaufort is prevented from riding as he did before the War, his personal interest in all things connected with his Hunt is just as keen as ever it was, and he is naturally proud of his son's undeniable success as huntsman. "We have plenty of foxes," the Duke tells me, "hounds are very fit, and covert-owners and farmers are all friendly." It should be a great Beaufort season.

In the Vale

NEIGHBOURING packs also have bright prospects. With them it is also hoped to see something of the Prince of Wales. On the Cirencester side of the Vale of White Horse Lord Bathurst will have an abundance of foxes. With very few exceptions farmers and occupiers of land are pleased to see the Hunt, and are doing all they can to reduce the small amount of wire which exists. So with a good pack of hounds and a first-rate huntsman, the outlook in Lord Bathurst's country is about as satisfactory as it could be. On the Cricklade side of the Vale, too, Colonel Fuller and Commander Codrington have every prospect of a good season. Lieut.-Colonel A. T. Miller has taken over the command of the Avon Vale country, where there are lots of foxes, and a very strong and united effort is being made to get the wire down.

Dorset Packs

FROM other Wiltshire packs the reports are satisfactory, and in Dorset a good season would seem to be impending. "An early start was made with cub-hunting," runs my report from the Blackmore Vale, "scent has served well, and cubs are being found in good numbers. Many visitors have already arrived, and all available houses have been taken. The wire has been removed, and there is every chance of a good season." The prospects in the Portman country are decidedly good. "We are one of those fortunate packs," says Captain W. P. Browne, "who only have a small field, and 75 per cent. of them are farmers. The latter run the poultry fund for themselves under the Secretary's guidance, and also see to the removal of wire where necessary.

(Continued on page 53)

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

CAPTAIN THOMAS AINSWORTH

The new Joint Master of the Meath Hounds this season with Lord Holmpatrick. Our snapshot shows Captain Ainsworth with his wife, Lady Edina Ainsworth, who is a sister of the Marquis Conyngham

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Valaze Balm Rose : makes impossible all sun-stains and skin discoloration, no matter how much exposed to wind and sun the skin may be. Balm Rose also forms a highly becoming foundation for finishing touches. Price **3/6, 6/6**

Valaze Bleaching Cream quickly removes tan, redness, "browning," and skin-stains, such as the discolorations caused by fur or dyes. Price **4/6, 8/6**

Valaze Whitener instantly bestows a gleaming snowy whiteness to the hands, arms, shoulders and throat, until deliberately removed with soap and water or cleansing cream. Price **3/6**

Novena Cerate : should be applied freely as a cleansing cream, to rid the pores of impurities, and to soften, nourish and beautify the skin. Price **2/6, 5/-**

Valaze Beauty Grains : A skin-enlivening wash, refines, whitens, awakens and gives verve to the complexion, and imparts a matt, velouté look. Price **2/6, 4/-, 7/6**

Valaze Crushed Rose Leaves tint the face with such beautifully natural-looking shades that these both invite and defy scrutiny. Price **2/6, 5/-**

Valaze Lip Lustre makes the lips soft and so attractive in colour. Price **2/6, 3/6, 4/6**

Valaze Creme de Lilas : a beautifying day cream of unique fragrance. **3/-**, sample jar **1/9**

Madame Rubinstein is now in London with new and marvellously effective treatments and preparations, and may be consulted personally.

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FOXHUNTING PROSPECTS (continued)

Photograph *Bassano*

MRS. F. KEITH SIMMONS

Formerly Miss Amy Fairhurst. This ardent young fox-catcher did well in the Tedworth Mastership last season

Our Vale is practically free from wire, and we hope to have as good sport there as we did last year." The Rev. E. A. Milne sends me a very cheery account of the outlook in the Cattistock country. "I think that hunting is going stronger than ever," he says, "and farmers and others only want it pointed out to them to realise the immense benefit a pack of hounds is in any neighbourhood."

New Cowdray Hunt

IT says much for the vitality of the sport that the total number of packs on our "Hound List" shows an increase upon last year's figures. Among the packs lately established are the Cowdray Hounds, which those enthusiastic polo-playing brothers, the Hon. Harold and Clive Pearson, have got together for hunting two days a week in the district around Cowdray Park. By an arrangement with Lord Leconfield they will cover much of the old Goodwood country, and I wish them complete success in their sporting enterprise. From Hampshire countries the news is good for the most part. "Foxes are plentiful," says our Hambledon report, "the friendliest feelings towards foxhunting exist throughout the country, and with lower prices larger fields are hoped for." It is a good sign that the New Forest Foxhounds are hunting three instead of two days a week this season.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY MASHAM

As Master of the Bedale Hounds in Yorkshire, this sportswoman is meeting with much success

Changing Masters

THE Hursley have a new leader in the person of Captain J. R. G. Cooper, the son of a former Master of the pack. The old-established Vine Hounds seem to be in for a good season, though young blood is much needed in the club membership. Major L. A. Jackson, who until last winter hunted the Garth, has now taken the late Captain Muir's place in the Cotswold country, and looks like enjoying a successful first season, for both here and in the North Cotswold district the outlook is decidedly favourable. A joint Mastership has been formed in the Garth by Major H. R. Cayzer, M.P. (a brother of the Pytchley M.F.H.) and Captain H. S. Chinnock.

In the North

AMONG other sportsmen who have gone from the leadership of one hunting country to another is Major Lionel B. Holliday, who has left the Derwent and is now the Master and huntsman of the Badsworth country. This is noted for its good sporting farmers, many of whom hunt themselves. Removal of the wire is actively in progress here, and Mrs. Morgan continues to show that a woman can admirably fill the difficult office of Hunt Secretary. Miss Muriel Ord, too, in a similar capacity, is still looking after the interests of the South Durham country, which lost the services of Viscount Boyne last season. As no other Master was available, Lord Southampton, who hunts the neighbouring Hurworth country, has accepted an invitation to also hunt the South Durham this winter. The latter Hunt is run on separate lines from the Hurworth, and takes its own subscriptions as usual. The Cleveland Hounds are in the hands of an efficient Committee this season, Captain E. Ramsden having gone to the Southwold country. A. W. C.

Further reference to the prospects of the Hunting Season will appear in our next issue.

Photograph *Sport and General*

WHADDON CHASE FOXHOUNDS CUB-HUNTING MEET AT WINSLOW, BUCKS: THE FIELD MOVING OFF TO DRAW

SPORT of the WEEK

As seen by the Camera

"RUGGER" OPENS IN REAL EARNEST

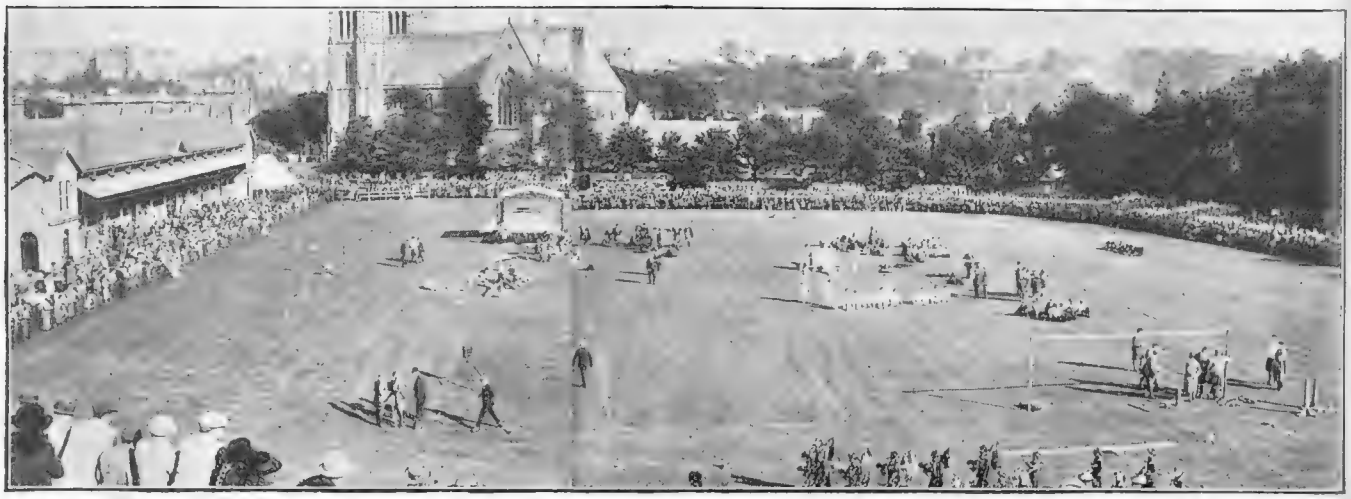
A hefty tackle by a Harlequin in their first match of the season on the Richmond Athletic Ground between the Harlequins and the London Scottish. The Harlequins, thanks to the speed and cleverness of their backs, won easily by five goals and a try to nil

CAPTAIN E. F. CARTER

Of the Royal Portrush Golf Club who won the Amateur Championship of Wales at Harlech last week, beating B. Drew, of Stoke Poges, in the final by 4 and 3

E. W. HOBBS AND M. K. MORRIS (STROKE)

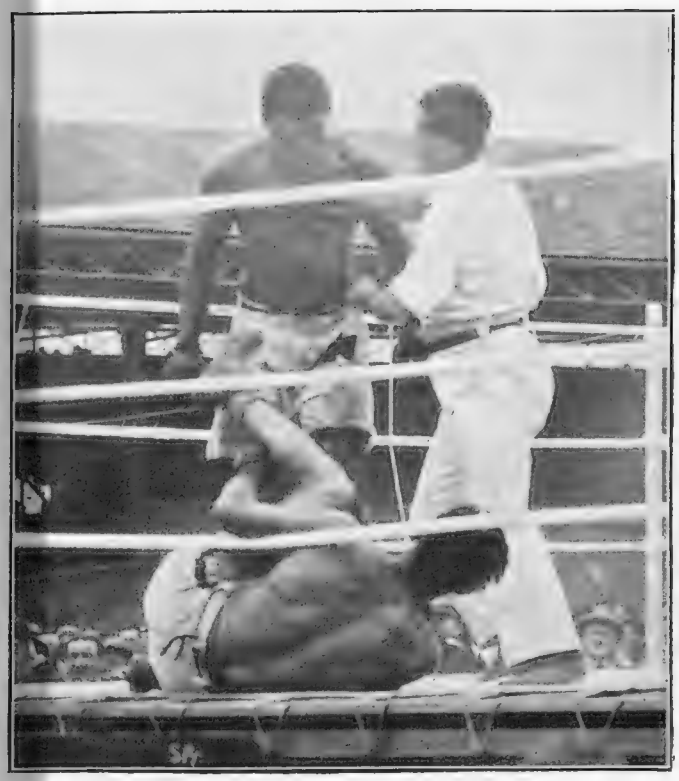
Winners of the Layton Pairs at the London Rowing Club's annual regatta at Putney. Hobbs also won the Lowenadler Sculls for Juniors, and Morris was second in the Handicap Sculls, for which there were eleven entrants



Photograph *Sport and General*

THE HIGHLAND GATHERING AT INVERNESS

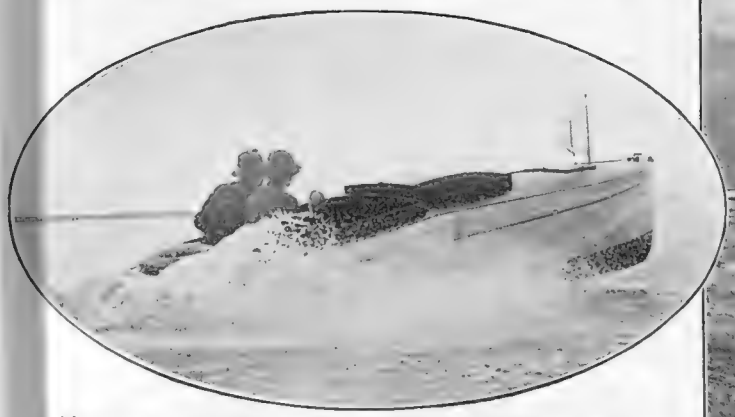
This is the last and also the largest of all the Highland gatherings, and it occupies two days. Competitions in piping and dancing figure prominently among [illegible] also include gymnastic contests, exhibitions of musical rifle drill and shinty matches. Among the distinguished company present the tartans [illegible] the Mackenzies, Macdonalds, Davidsons, Frasers and the various branches of the famous Clan Chattan were much in evidence



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

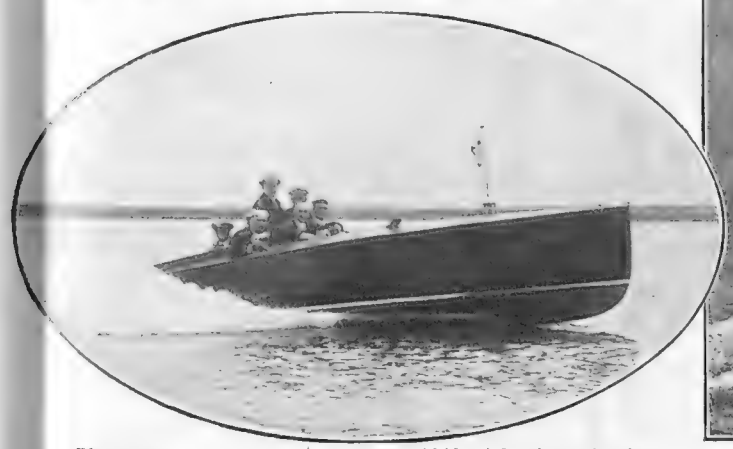
THE AMAZING GLOVE FIGHT

Between Siki, the Senegalese, and Carpentier, in which the Frenchman, against whom Siki was not supposed to have "a dog's earthly," was ignominiously beaten in the sixth round



Photograph] CAPT. J. A HOLDER'S "TOTO" *[Sport and General*

Winner of the race for the International 21 ft. class at the British Motor Boat Club's last meeting of the season at Burnham-on-Crouch



Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. F. STURGESS'S "LEDA III"

Winner of the B.M.B.C. Challenge Cup for motor boats of 15 knots speed and over at Burnham-on-Crouch. She also won the over 15 knots handicap in which "Toto," the only other starter, gave up

Photograph *Sport and General*

ALBERT BURKE (CANNES)

Winner of the invitation tournament for professional lawn tennis players held recently at Lloyd Park, Walthamstow. He beat Charles Read, of Queen's Club, the professional champion of England, in the final

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE VENUE OF THE WELSH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

A fine view of the course at Harlech during the progress of the competition. The green in the foreground is the eleventh, and the players are H. G [illegible] of Brecon, and A. H. S. Vivian, the Oxford Old Blue

RACING · NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Newmarket

We had two wretched afternoons from the weather standpoint for the opening of the autumnal season at Newmarket, and on the first day, truth to tell, the racing was not at all lively. The retention in the programme of races which closed ages ago may be defended by the authorities, but the policy often produces hopelessly uninteresting contests. One of the big surprises of the meeting was the downfall of Bold and Bad in the Buckenham Stakes. Many thought it was merely "picking up money" to lay odds on the Manton colt, and you can imagine their disgust when they saw him in hopeless trouble before half the journey had been covered. The race was worth £3,000, and the result must have been a very pleasant surprise for the Duke of Westminster.

Good Wishes

I wish Mr. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort the best of luck in his new establishment at Freemason Lodge, which has just been bought from Alfred Sadler. The horses belonging to Mr. Marshall Field and the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme are to go there in the course of a few weeks from Moulton Paddocks, where Mr. Solly Joel is shortly taking up his quarters. Mr. Boyd-Rochfort has lately been busily engaged in the yearling market on behalf of his patrons, and the Freemason Lodge stable looks like being pretty strong next season. Sadler, who had the satisfaction of training a St. Leger winner in his last days there, will soon be off to India for a holiday, and he is taking with him his smart apprentice, R. A. Jones. The latter has already fixed up to ride for an important stable out there.

The Cesarewitch

Cesarewitch prospects are now being much discussed, and we look like having a very open race next week. At the moment of writing Ceylonese has become favourite, having ousted Charlebelle from that position. This incident was caused by the fact that Ceylonese cantered away from Flamboyant in the course of a two-mile gallop last week. I have singularly little faith in these two-horse trials. An experienced performer like Flamboyant is not to be depended upon to do his best against a solitary stable companion without the incentives of the racecourse to urge him on. Reggie Day went all wrong in his Cesarewitch gallops last year. I hope the same is not about to occur again. Meanwhile, I perceive no reason to depart from my opinion that backers of Ballyheron are sure to get a good run for their money.

Manton's Best?

The Manton stable holds a very strong hand in the Cambridgeshire. After her extraordinarily easy win in the Jockey Club Stakes Lady Juror would be assured of strong support, even under her 10lb. penalty, but it is doubtful whether Alec Taylor has yet decided upon his plan of campaign for this race. Sister-in-Law and Stratford both have to be reckoned with in this stable. Anyway, Manton's selected looks like being favourite on the day of the Cambridgeshire, though the issue is complicated by the fact that the stable may have more than one runner.

At Kempton

At the end of the week we have that popular Kempton Park affair, the Duke of York handicap. Among the topweights I have a great liking for Tetrabbazia, who will presumably be the main hope of the Manton stable in the race. On her best form this brilliant filly is not badly handicapped, and the course should suit her well. Whether this event or the Cambridgeshire is the one in which Soubriquet will run was, apparently, not settled when I wrote these lines, but if she appears at Kempton Park she is sure to have a strong following. Condover has been a bit disappointing this season, but we cannot forget how good he was as a two-year-old, and on that account I am a little nervous of him, as well as of Poisoned Arrow. I shall make **Tetrabbazzia** my selection, and if Soubriquet runs I shall take her as a likely "each way" investment.

North and South

There will be excellent racing on both days of the Kempton meeting. For the Coventry Handicap on the opening day I have a fancy for **Gavotte,** and **Two Step** should win the big sprint. The fixture clashes with Pontefract in the North. This is becoming quite an important gathering, and there will be two £1,000 stakes to be raced for this week. One is the West Riding Handicap on Friday, which **Forerunner** may win. On the following day the Newby Nursery will produce an interesting tussle between two-year-olds trained in the North and South. I think **Parth** has a good chance of carrying top weight to victory.

FRED DARLING By "The Tout"

With his stable jockey, "Vic" Smyth, and his lucky number cloth! Our subject is keeping up the glorious traditions of Beckhampton, so firmly established by his father before him

With Rod and Line

In these days women are invading all sorts of spheres to which formerly they were strangers. In this connection, there is an interesting article in the *Graphic* which recalls that angling, at any rate, is no new sport of the fair sex. One of the earliest books in the English language was *Fysshying With An Angle,* by Dame Juliana Berners, which was published in 1496, and in it we find the true spirit of the angler. It may be added that this week's *Graphic* contains many attractive features.

CHEMISTRY AND ITS LIMITATIONS

The Merchants of India are trying to get their Government to give to India the advantages that have come to Great Britain through the passing of "The Immature Spirits Act."

Before America made the pretence of going dry, its Governors adopted this Act. Canada, Australia, New Zealand and parts of Africa either enjoy this excellent protection or are moving towards getting it.

The effect of this Act is that in the countries named, the sale of raw spirit for consumption is prohibited.

The Indian Government is being influenced—to the detriment of the Indian people, natives included—to refuse to permit this boon to become the possession of India. The Chemists there cling to the delusion that newly made patent-still spirit is chemically purer than matured whisky.

We who know whisky demonstrate our faith in our opinions by paying willingly three or four times as much for Malt Whisky made in a pot-still (and which the Chemists decline to bless) as we are willing to pay for the patent still spirit which the Chemist says is, chemically, the purer spirit.

We make two suggestions:

(1) That Chemists recede from their claim to be able to standardise Whisky by chemical analysis.

(2) That our India Office should use its good offices to persuade the Indian Government to give to the Indian people the benefits of the Immature Spirits Act.

THIS advertisement is already too long. Our next advertisement will carry the argument further.

HAIG & HAIG are not asking for more business. They are asking only for fair play for a great and important British Industry.

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

HAIG & HAIG · LTD. (Distillers since 1679) 57 SOUTHWARK STREET · LONDON · S.E. 1

Tennyson

HERE is quite a new assortment; a new name; a new style of box; new kinds of chocolates and some very original flavourings.

Ask for FRY'S Tennyson Chocolates —you will be delighted with them.

3/6 per lb.

FRY'S

2/- per ½ lb.

NEW SERIES

The ERRANT MOTORIST

By Dell Leigh

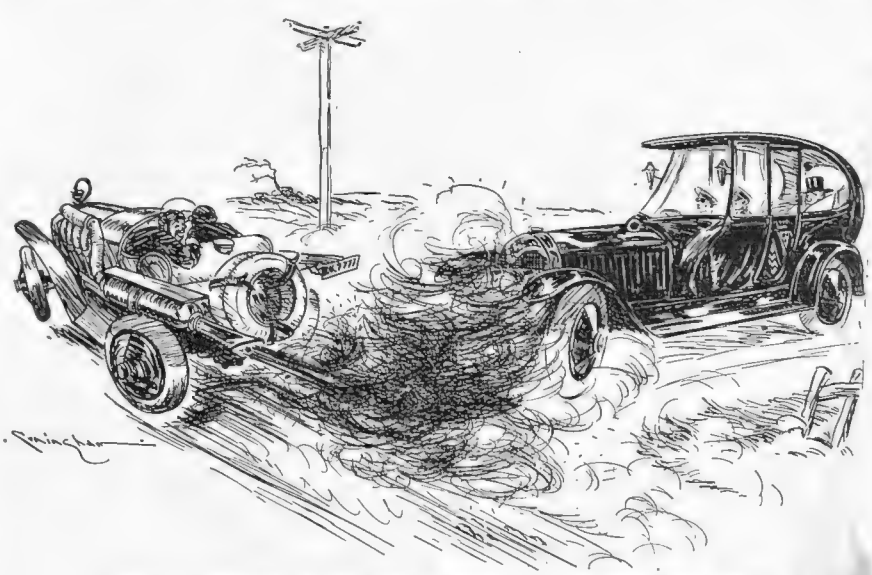
ILLUSTRATIONS BY OSWALD CUNNINGHAM

No. 2 The Limmy-de-Luxe

HAVE you ever considered the psychology of cars? With a desire to purchase something in the car line, so as to cease being an outcast among my fellow men, I have recently studied cars carefully. Not from a point of view of specific makes, as I have only about another thirty years left of life, but from a point of view of habits, and characteristics of species. The Limousine De Luxe, for example. These Super-Silent-Ones are a breed apart.

Along the swiftly flowing waters of week-end traffic glides the disdainful Limmy. Calmly, with a lofty detachment, and the poise of profound *ennui*. A superb nonchalance and a deadly serenity, born of a knowledge that the ordinary tribulations which befall a car cannot afflict it. A vast sum of money lies between it and such a thing as a breakdown. Sir Horace Enbonpoint, who sits inside, half buried in billowing Bedford cord upholstery, would never enter with you into the vexed question of car comparisons; into the myriad cross-currents of questions that beset a harassed purchaser. The Limmy represents to him not a car, in the sense that you and I speak of cars, but as the only possible means of unruffled transport from, say, Grosvenor Square to Inverness. He does not know any other than the Limmy. Never has; never will. There *are* others, of course. He sees them somnolently as he hums past them on steep hills; and they sometimes impinge upon the dignity of his progress at cross roads, and at the congested gates of race meetings. But it is useless to seek enlightenment from him as to the merits of the "Velocity Two-Seater," or the springing of the "Painted Lily Sports Model." He really cannot say. There seem to be a lot on the road. Too many. He supposes they must be all right, "as far as they go" (which is not very far), spoken in the tolerant manner Mr. Slazenger would naturally adopt when passing judgment on a tennis racquet made in the Cocos Islands.

The Limmy De Luxe often has what is curiously known as a "Saloon Body" (not bar) built on to the chassis. It is, in effect, a boudoir of the most intimate and *recherché* kind. The word "Saloon" always puzzles me. Perhaps it is that a jealous and vulgar public persists in describing the Limmy as a Gin Palace,



"Other cars sometimes impinge upon the dignity of his progress at cross roads"

"THE ERRANT MOTORIST" *(continued)*

and part of the name has stuck, as names do.

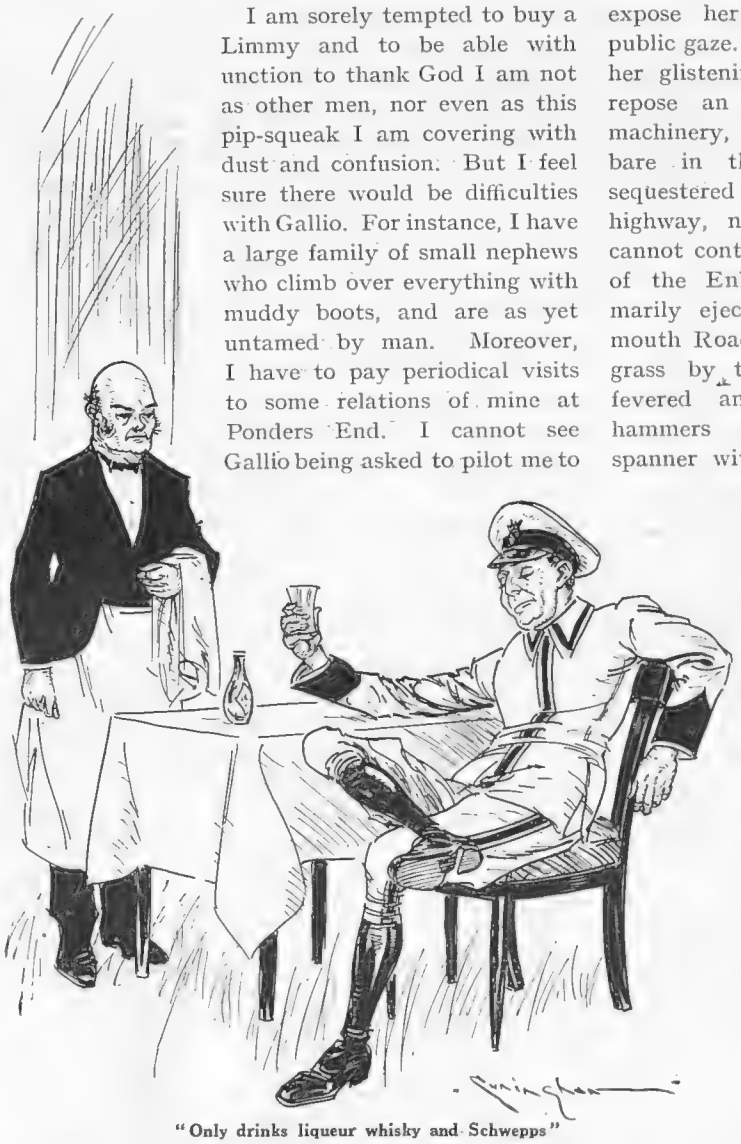
You do not sit on a seat, but in a lounge chair, looking exquisitely lovely. There is a blaze of electricity within, for you to see by, and be seen; and a maze of cunning little switches that "control" the heating, lighting, and every modern convenience. One does not often see a close-up of the owners of Limmies, except in the Picture Papers. I mean one does not find them buying two ounces of mild at one's tobacconist; or trying on a pair of lace-up boots in the next chair to you at Bondman, Lusty and Inglis's in the Earl's Court Road. You see them, from the silver ring at Sandown, peacocking ponderously about Tattersalls, with a zareba of Limmies in unbroken line behind them.

The *Dei ex Machinâ* who propel their palanquins are not chauffeurs. They are master craftsmen, living upon the brink of super-tax.

They, too, recline in a lounge chair, mute, expressionless. Like Gallio, they care for none of these things that you and I care about. They never seem to *do* anything to the Limmy. You never see them change speed. Do they never change down? I suppose they must sometimes, on Porloch Hill, perhaps?

But it is all done with such maddening suavity, such poetry of motion. They just sit there, in wonderful grey and silver uniform, gazing imperturbably through plate glass, and confronted with a shining dashboard covered with every device known to mechanical and electrical engineering. It is true they have perfectly gloved hands on the wheel. But that must be only a matter of etiquette. The Limmy does not require to be fussed with. She proceeds, like a military regulation, from point to point of the compass, a perfect understanding, the mute freemasonry of the well-bred, existing between her and the Gallio abaft her engine.

I am sorely tempted to buy a Limmy and to be able with unction to thank God I am not as other men, nor even as this pip-squeak I am covering with dust and confusion. But I feel sure there would be difficulties with Gallio. For instance, I have a large family of small nephews who climb over everything with muddy boots, and are as yet untamed by man. Moreover, I have to pay periodical visits to some relations of mine at Ponders End. I cannot see Gallio being asked to pilot me to my cousin's delightful bijou summer residence at Ponders End. I feel I should lose caste with him. Also there are one or two favourite little public houses of mine, scattered about the country, where I am expected to spend the evening in the bar with my friend the landlord, and some double X Burton. I can't imagine where one would accommodate Gallio, who, of course, only drinks liqueur whisky and Schwepps. Lastly, it is one of the delights of my life, after the theatre or a dance, to share the taxi-man's eggs and bacon in the shelter at Hyde Park Corner; they are some of my oldest friends, and you couldn't ask Gallio in there. It isn't done. Would one put the Limmy on the rank?



"Only drinks liqueur whisky and Schwepps"

Yet another thing that attracts me so about her is that she never commits such an indelicacy as to expose her underneaths to the public gaze. You feel that beneath her glistening bonnet there must repose an alluring mystery of machinery, which is doubtless laid bare in the privacy of some sequestered garage. But on the highway, never. Similarly, you cannot contemplate the possibility of the Enbonpoints being summarily ejected on to the Portsmouth Road, to sit on the dusty grass by the way-side, while a fevered and blasphemous man hammers upon some cursed spanner within her. Nor of her being insultingly towed by a brewer's lorry to the newest voracious garage. These things simply do not occur. Have never been known to happen.

No. The Limmy is *hors concours* from the competition of cars. She is the highly paid Prima Donna of the Grand Opera of Engines, thrumming a pianissimo accompaniment among the many stringed orchestra of the road. And when she comes coolly to rest at the Enbonpoint front door, having eaten a meal of miles, a little square carpet of yellow sand is spread for her to stand upon. The sand should, of course, be scarlet. Why does not someone make scarlet sand?

It is only a question of money.

NEXT WEEK:

No. III.

"THE HOG'S BACK"

En Route for the Coliseum—

—Where She Arrives on Monday, October 9

Mlle. Lydia Lopokova, one of the most popular of Russia's dancers who, at the Coliseum on Monday, will give with Slavinsky a series of ballet divertissements and subsequently, with her compatriot, Wojiokowsky. She will possibly introduce some excerpts from "The Sleeping Princess" which had some large share of success at the Alhambra last Christmas

The Promise of Autumn in Outdoor Sport

By "ARBITER"

If a plebiscite of the whole nation were taken as to which is the most enjoyable season of the year there is little doubt that the summer season would be returned at the head of the poll by a thumping majority. Yet among those addicted to sport in one form or another there are a vast number of people who await the coming of autumn with positive impatience. To them the "fall" of the year, with its attendant drawbacks and inconveniences, means the renewal of pleasures from which they have been debarred for five or six months—pleasures which are so satisfying that in the pursuit of them the weather becomes a matter of secondary importance.

Indeed, there is one respect in which our winter outdoor sports and recreations score heavily over those of summer. The former are for all practical purposes weather-proof, the latter are quite the reverse, and we have recently passed through a summer of the type which serves to emphasise this distinction. You cannot, for instance, play cricket or lawn tennis with any real enjoyment unless the weather is reasonably fine, and both games can be, and often are, put completely out of action for hours on end by a heavy fall of rain. But there is hardly anything in the weather line which can stop a Rugby football match except frost and fog. Of course, it may happen—it happened last season—that grounds after a spell of drought become too dry and hard for safety, or that, conversely, they become completely flooded. But such occurrences are rare, and it takes an awful lot of rain to beat a "Rugger" man. I have seen two teams take the field when the pitch was strewn with miniature lakes—shortly to be churned up into a rich mixture of liquid mud in which the combatants wallowed contentedly.

Of course, I do not mean by this that football is not very much more enjoyable (besides giving more scope for skill) when the conditions are good, *i.e.*, when the day is bright and windless without being too warm, the ground dry without being too hard, and the ball in consequence dry likewise, and, therefore, not so difficult to manipulate as it is when it is wet. All that I mean is that you very seldom see the Rugby footballer as you see the cricketer, completely down and out. And it is the same, practically, with Association football, hockey, and lacrosse. Nor have I forgotten that in another branch of sport, with which other Bystander writers are this week more immediately concerned, the hunting man fears no elemental foe, except Jack Frost.

We may, in fact, anathematise the English winter to our hearts' content, but we have to admit nevertheless that its conditions on the whole are eminently suited to the playing of three or four of the finest games in the world. Indeed, we may go further and say that we owe a debt of gratitude to the English climate for having helped so largely in the evolution of such a glorious game as football. The "good old-fashioned winter," by which is meant the sort of winter during which it is cold enough at odd times (but seldom for any length of time) for skating, ski-ing and sleighing to be indulged in, without being absolutely mythical, happens so rarely that the wisest people are those who never count upon its happening, and never allow themselves to be beguiled by the prospect of enjoying "winter sports" (as they are now fashionably styled) unless they are able to enjoy them in Switzerland.

I can remember one winter when we had six weeks or more of frosty, but at the same time quite fine and windless, weather in England, when the Thames was frozen over in several places, and we had a taste of the real thing. But the real thing is so seldom attainable that the incidence of a frost is looked upon mainly as a nuisance, because it interferes with what is really the normal sporting life of the nation in winter.

Let us be grateful, then, to the autumn for what it brings, and for the certainty with which it brings it. When summer is beginning we know that our enjoyment of its games and pastimes will depend largely upon the weather; when it is over we often have to look back, as we are looking back now, upon a season in which the delights of the cricket-field, the tennis lawn or the river have often been drowned in a downpour of rain. But with the arrival of autumn and the coming of winter we are free from anxiety. We are going to enjoy our "Rugger," our hockey or our hunting whatever the weather may be like.

SOME HOPES! By Harry Woolley

Finest Quality in Scotch

BLACK & WHITE
WHISKY

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

AMONGST aerial pioneers Harry Hawker will always be given a niche of his own. None of the present generation is likely to forget the world-wide excitement at the time of his valorous attempt to cross the Atlantic. He did not succeed, but his failure had just that touch of sheer glory about it of which history likes to take lasting note. And so it is good to have a plain account of his life and exploits. *H. G. Hawker, Airman: His Life and Work* (Hutchinson: 18*s.* net), written by his widow, tells all that is meet, and tells it simply and well. We see him starting to "make good" early in life down under, and saving enough money to leave his native Australia for the Old Country. We see him pushing forward, unobtrusively, yet forcefully, to the front rank, until at the time of the War his great services as expert tester can hardly be gauged. Then comes that dramatic attempt, to be followed by the poor wife's hours of agony brought in one moment to an end by a miraculous message from the *Daily Mirror*. A brief interlude with racing cars, with, however, the usual astounding escape, and then, whilst doing his duty on a new machine—the end. You cannot read the simple story of his life without being caught up by its glamour.

IT is difficult to believe that so many years have passed since Sarah Grand startled London with *The Heavenly Twins*, more particularly so, perhaps, because Madame Grand is not one of those writers who feel it incumbent upon them to issue a new book every few months "in order to keep in with the public." Her position is surely secure. I like to think that *Adnam's Orchard* is one of the most considerable novels of the century. This autumn there comes from her pen a volume of sketches and stories called, aptly enough, *Variety* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Here, except for two eerie things which leave you a-tingle, unless, perchance, you are too bovine ever to have come across anything "odd" yourself, there is a comparatively restful note.

"THE TURNING OF THE WORM" is a little family comedy, delicately conceived and worked out—the story of a man with claims on his good nature which are more than any man should be asked to support. Madame Grand has her own method of giving him his deserts, and with this no one will quarrel. Her second story is the lifelike presentation of a heartless and selfish woman whose money has taken her beyond society's portals—but only just beyond, and not for all time. With such a theme as this it is easy to exaggerate, but Madame Grand has too sure a touch to make that mistake. The gem of the collection, however, is the sketch of an old gardener, and I believe that the writer has never done anything better. It is all very simple—just the portrait of an old fellow, reaching near to the end of his days, who will not give up. You feel that you would recognise old Mallory the moment you saw him. As a sketch it is a little masterpiece, which I recommend everybody who enjoys good work to read at once.

UNDER the editorship of Harold Monro, *The Monthly Chapbook* (Poetry Bookshop: 1*s.* net) pursues its merry and sometimes most unexpected way. Its latest number contains the wickedest satire by Osbert Sitwell, who has his knife into a certain poetical clique of to-day. "The Jolly Old Squire" is great fun, even if at moments it goes too far, which, in point of fact, it certainly does. There is also an unusually good essay on our modern poets by Richard Aldington. R. S.

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in a general way; one admires those that the best-dressed women wear, one longs to possess such pearls oneself.

But nine times out of ten the pearls one sees and talks of and wants are not real pearls at all, though they look exactly like them. They are

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THE WAY *of the* SPORTSWOMAN

By "CANDIDA"

AFTER all, there are *some* compensations for November. Take hunting, for instance, and, for those who are really in deadly earnest, compensation is hardly the word. In their calendar there's no time like hunting-time, and the dismal stretch between November and April is really all that makes their life worth living. But when you've taken six months out of the year it follows that you've got to crowd the rest of life's serious business into the other six. What with hunting from November to April, and with shooting most of September and October, and the little travelling that's a positive duty in August, there's nothing left to make a season of in Town but May, June, and July. Guileless people, who see no further than their noses, ask why we have a season in summer, when London's at its worst, and the country at its best, and the air hangs hot, heavy, and stale over Piccadilly when it might be blowing divinely fresh and sweet from a garden of roses by the sea. Well, if they can see a pleasanter way of fitting in everything, let's have it by all means. Women, we're told, are *born* organisers, some of them, whereas men only acquire the gift (of organisation, I mean) or have it thrust upon them.

MEANWHILE, there's not much fault to be found with the hunting. It's very healthy exercise for everybody, including the fox, and, considering how often nothing happens at the end of a good day's run, I can't imagine why even the extra humane people should turn pink and Socialistic at the very mention of hunting. When you think of a joyful autumn morning, with the wind blowing fresh and keen, and there's a thrill in every corner you fly past, could there be a nicer way of spending the day? It's a positive duty, too, to our dear, delightful horses who must be rather sick of the way people ride in the Park in these degenerate days.

SHE used to be rather fearsome, the woman who followed religiously from November to April. She and her complexion looked the part, and they never looked anything else. To have your chief occupation, or recreation, or whatever it is, stamped upon you, so that it shrieks at you from afar, is always a mistake. We're not so obvious nowadays. Some of the best and hardest riders by day are seductive young things, all fluff and chiffon, and rose-leaf skins, and diamond-sewn slippers by night. Because it's extraordinarily fashionable to be feminine, whatever the state of your muscles, or your brain-cells. And there's no denying that it makes a much more amusing world to live in. Is there any reason, because you happen to do anything rather well, or be anything extra clever, to forsake, therefore, all the trimmings of life? Surely not, and it's never done nowadays, though there's no persuading some people. If you happen to have a pink and white complexion they'll never credit you with a soul—never. As if it followed that the more you know about anything, from a horse to an abstruse science or work of art, the less you must know of the knack of looking charming!

TAKE riding astride, for instance, which is now done by nearly everybody, because it's obviously the only sensible way to ride. "So ugly," some people say. Not at all. Given a nice figure it couldn't look nicer, but there's no denying that riding's a great revealer of figures. Still, I'd rather have the downright top-boots, the unblushing breeches, and the sensible coat if I can't have (merely for the look of the thing, of course) the picturesque paraphernalia of the ladies who rode to hounds in other days. What sort of riding was it, do you suppose, that one did in a long velvet skirt, a Louis XVI coat, and flowered waistcoat, and a three-cornered hat? Perhaps the dazzling white chargers, that every self-respecting *marquise* rode on, was mild as milk to match?

By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THE HUNTING PEOPLE IN OUR CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES WHICH IS NOT TRUE TO LIFE

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HERE'S TO THE HOUNDS!

THE PALACE SHOW. BY "THE KENNELMAN"

THE keener you are on huntin', the keener you must be, not only on "The Hounds," but upon the whole canine community; always providing your interest is of the truly sportin' and understandin' sort.

You can't learn to know "The Hounds" without getting to know a bit about Hounds generally; to know Hounds is to know Dogs, and to know Dogs is to love 'em. Or that's how it seems to me, anyhow.

The only speech I ever heard from our M.F.H., in the good old days down home—pre-War (with the exception of certain spirited essays in objurgatory invective—yes, it's all right; I looked it up in the dictionary—actually in the field)—was, "Here's to The Hounds—God bless 'em! For, next to the King and the Church, the whole blessed bag o' tricks depends on them!" His outlook may have been the least thing limited, perhaps, but it was pretty wholesome, and very jolly, and—well, you can take my word for it he played the game all right, when it came to what they call bigger things. It happens I saw his curtain rung down; between nine and ten ack emma, it was, on July 1, 1916, on the Albert front. He got his dismissal clean through the heart, as he'd have chosen, firmly believing, I'm sure, that his Battalion would be in at the death, and never guessing it was going to take just on two months to reach that morning's objective. *Eheu!*

And that reminds me of a little tip. The English Foxhound is, perhaps, the most perfectly finished, adequate, and efficient product living, of systematic and skilled breeding. His adequacy and all-round *fitness*, rightly appreciated, should make any human modest. But, however keen you may be on huntin', don't make the mistake of fancying that "The Hounds" are the only Hounds. In our kennels here, in addition to our Bloodhounds—princes of the blood, if you like — we've Otterhounds,

"A Prince of the blood"

Bassett Hounds, and a couple of very fine Irish Wolfhounds; and, like all Hound people, we're rather touchy about hearing 'em referred to as "the Dogs." I can't tell you just why; but all Hound people are like that. No matter how much we love Dogs, we hate to hear Hounds miscalled "Dogs." It jars, somehow; and men in pink ought never to make the blunder; but they occasionally do. "Hounds is *Hounds*, an' don't you ferget it," as I heard my aged, bow-legged, straw-sucking, intensely prejudiced, but very decent and knowledgeable, kennel assistant explain once to a visitor, who, I gathered, knew more about Mark Lane and such places than the countryside.

"Here's to the Hounds!" And there's nothing better; on four legs or two. But other Hounds are "somehow different," too, and must never be miscalled, as you'd be the first to admit, if you attended the Bloodhound tracking trials in Wilts, or saw our Otterhounds at work in Devon—*pucca* sports, every one, and such Sahibs!

But if this week's BYSTANDER turns everybody's thoughts to huntin', it won't prevent the Crystal Palace being the Mecca of all Doggy folk, Wednesday bringing the opening of the Kennel Club's 61st annual Show, the most attractive and important since '13—the year before the Dachshund broke his muzzle, and threatened all the world with rabies at its worst. (It's often struck me as typical and interesting, by the way, that, despite their origin, we've turned out finer Dachshunds in old England than they've ever raised in Deutchland.) Yes, Wednesday and Thursday of this week furnish the richest sort of opportunity for the study of Dogs, and picking up of Doggy lore from breeders, opportunity on no account to be missed by the enquiring novice, or by any of my correspondents.

Including, if you please, dear madams and sirs, those who write—oh, ever so politely!—that, much as they value my "practical" information, they want yards more *detail*. Well, I'll do my best in the matter of letter replies (when the Hounds are all tucked up for the night); but there's no space for the yards of detail *here*: hence, and hence alone, my unavoidable curtness. After all, a nod's still as good as a wink, when you're keen, and even my severely potted pars may be more useful than what the Midland fanciers call "a bat in the eye with a burnt stick!"

While I think of it, if you have to catalogue a Dog for sale at a Show any time, don't make the mistake of pricing him too low. Remember, the Show is frequently entitled by its regulations to collar half of anything paid in excess of catalogue price. The other day a Sealyham pup fetched 140 guineas in a Show auction, though

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Three-Hundred-Mile Arab Test

KINGS OF THE EQUINE WORLD COMPETE

AFTER THE FIRST THIRTY MILES

Mr. Bostock on Robin and Major Hough on Shahzada, who was second last year, arriving at Muntham Court after completing the first thirty miles. Inset is a photograph of Lord Hartington's horse Shwaiman, with Mr. R. S. Summerhaye up

Photographs *Sport and General*

TROTTING UP TO THE START: HORSES LEAVING MR. ESCOTT'S STABLES AT LEWES

For the third year in succession the Arab Horse Society last week promoted a five days' endurance test of sixty miles a day, starting at Lewes and proceeding to a point near Arundel, where the turn was made for home. Only pure Arabs, or Arab-bred animals, the property of members of the Society, were allowed to compete, and they were all over six years of age. A hard test, trying the stamina of the strongest horse

"HERE'S TO THE HOUNDS!" (*concluded*)

catalogued at 30 guineas. The point's worth keeping in mind, especially by novices. You can always come down on your price, you know.

I met a perfectly delightful little Bassett Hound last week—one of the most lovable beasts you ever saw—who'd been taught by his devoted mistress—daughter of a country Padre, and too busy to know what boredom means—to track like a Bloodhound. The "cold boot" is always good enough for that little sportsman; he loves his work, and Sherlock Holmes couldn't puzzle him in it. Some sense in that kind of training, I thought; rather different from the imbecility of parlour tricks and balancing on the nose! In disposition the Bassett is not unlike the Sealyham, with a touch of the Dandy's thoughtfully pleasing wistfulness; very much the Sahib, and to the last ditch a sport.

An R.A.F. friend tells me Captain Barnard, winner of the King's Air Race, is very keen about Dogs, and that his beloved Airedale, "Brown," is no end of a posh aviator.

"C.M." and Miss C.R.W., please address the Ladies' Kennel Association. Lady G——— should write to the Canine Nurses' Institute. Lieut.-Colonel W. H. R.,—Sorry indeed to offer nothing more hopeful; but once certain the mange is of the follicular variety, my own notion of the only remedy is—euthanasia. They are trying a new treatment in France, but, personally, I wouldn't submit a Dog to it.

Last Christmas a pal presented me with one of the jolliest books I've read, dedicated by its editor to that best of sportsmen, the Prince of Wales, *The Life of a Foxhound*, by John Mills, with illustrations by John Leech. It had just been issued; a new edition of a clinking fine book. Another present at the same time was Lord Willoughby de Broke's *The Sport of Our Ancestors*, a noble book of huntin', with perfectly gorgeous pictures.

YOUR HONOUR!

"How many strokes have you had?"
"How many have you?"
"I asked you first!"

By Graham Simmons

THE "Three Castles" VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

SIR JOHN HAWKINS-

Knight of the seas, kinsman of Drake & other seamen of renown, shares with Master Layne the credit of introducing Tobacco into England; Tobacco from the sunny land of Old Virginia which was by nature *meant* to have a fragrance and a flavour of which man could never tire.

"Happy thrice and thrice again
Happiest he of happy men."

who smokes the "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes, for as Thackeray wrote in "The Virginians"—
"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the "Three Castles."

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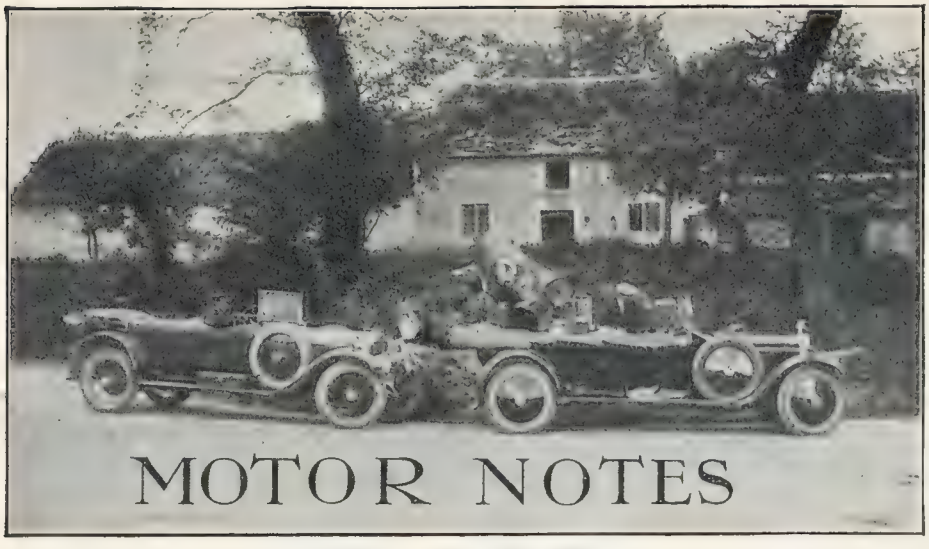

MOTOR NOTES

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Two of Napier's latest 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder models on the road at Ion, Acton, Gloucester, giving contrast in their luxurious modernity to the weather-beaten farmhouse and age-old trees

With the near approach of the Motor Show I suppose we can expect some more newcomers on the road in the near future. I mean drivers, not cars, though very likely we shall see some of those, too. Therefore, to those about to buy or order a car for the first time, I offer the advice: for goodness sake don't imagine you have bought all the roads, at the same time you bought your car. This may seem rather rude, but it is not meant to be, for it is really intended as a hint to those who own cars now. As after many years driving or riding all sorts of substitutes to foot-slogging, quadrupeds, and machines, I do not think that there was ever such a time as the present that so many badly driven vehicles are met with daily. Cars overtake you without any warning or sounding of horn, think nothing of taking your road to pass a slower vehicle when you are meeting them, never slow up to let a faster car pass them, and run risks of collisions at every cross road, bend, blind bridge, hill and corner that they take, usually on their wrong side. I do not wonder that the Ministry of Transport published their list of accidents, investigated recently, which showed that incompetent driving was the chief cause of smashes. My wonder is that there are not more, as I am sure there would be but for the care taken by the real driver.

* * *

Not once, but many times, each trip I take the car out I have to pull up because I see some idiot taking a risk coming towards me, not realising that he should never try to pass another car if he cannot see a clear road in front of him for about 100 yards at least. They seem to have lost all idea of speed and distance, both of their own car and others they meet with. Fortunately, the Royal Automobile Club does prosecute inconsiderate driving to the danger of others, and I intend to report a few of these in the future, and I hope other motorists, in place of writing letters to this and other newspapers, will do likewise. Because if motorists do not take this matter in hand themselves they will find less sympathetic denouncers taking control.

* * *

As at the present time there is a tyre war going on in the U.S.A. somewhat on the lines of a "freeze out" of the smaller firms, prices of their products are lower. In fact, the United States Rubber Company have announced substantial reductions in the prices of their 30 in. by 3½ in. Chain and Nobby tread covers for Ford cars in this country. In the case of the non-skid Chain tread the reduction is practically 20 per cent., the list price being now £3 10*s.* and the Nobby tread down to £4 3*s.* 9*d.* Goodness knows what the contract price for covers is now to car manufacturers for American-made covers and tubes to place on their vehicles, but judging by the retail list figures it must be very low indeed. Consequently, it makes pleasant reading to know that no fewer than 45 per cent. of the machines which took part in the recent A.C.U. six days' trial were fitted with British Dunlop tyres, who shared the glory with the makers of the machines in winning team prizes and other awards in various classes. But 1922 will be looked upon as a Dunlop year in this country, as both car and cycle tyres have shone pre-eminently in all the chief events, whether "double-twelve" records or ordinary touring.

* * *

After all, one knows every tyre-maker produces a vintage brand at one time or another, yet everyone will be glad that the Dunlop Company has got back its leading position this year with the Dunlop cord tyre. I am looking forward to seeing the 1923 cars with the straight-edge variety on many makes of cars, as though the beaded-edge type has proved its worth the straight-edge form can claim to be one better at the terrific high speed of the modern motor in races.

* * *

Among the many 1923 catalogues that have reached me lately I find the sports model incorporated as a standard outfit in even such a sedate and respectable firm as the Wolseley. In fact, sports models seem to be made by every maker, and I am wondering whether my generation has suddenly become skittish in its senility, or whether a new generation of "Bloods" has arrived. Perhaps it may be only a clever move on the part of the sale departments of the motor trade, but, whatever it is, I cannot imagine that semi-racing types of cars are going to find a lot of customers in these critical financial times. For if there is an uncomfortable touring car it is the average two-seater sports model. No room for luggage, passenger, or

AN EASY STARTER

A Wolseley "Seven" being cranked over and started by a little girl of 5 A remarkable proof of the easy starting qualities of the Wolseley motors

NAVAL UNIFORMS *may change*

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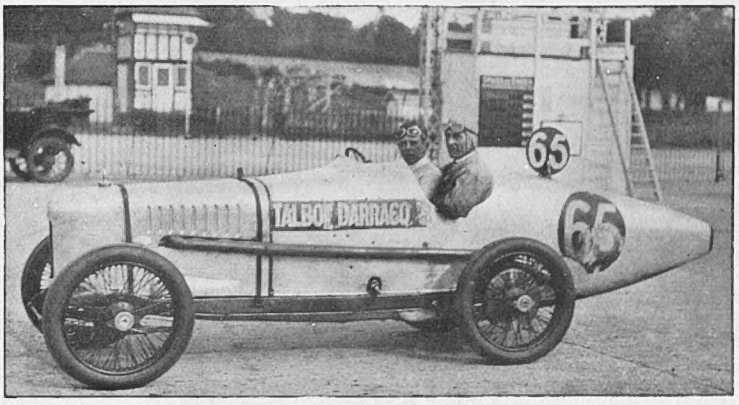
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
never changes, always uniform.

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

comfort for the driver or anybody else. Speedy! yes, I grant you that, but nasty, draughty, hard-backed, unprotected road insects with loud, reverberating exhausts, raucous shrieking horns, which between them will get all other motorists into trouble with the authorities sooner or later. For years British cars have been endeavouring to get silent on the road, silence of the engines, gears, back axle, and what-nots, and having successfully accomplished it and preached the gospel of ghostly silence to all other countries, now, if you please, go back on it all. Surely the Demon of Speed has not taken possession of motoring to the exclusion of all other considerations. I cannot believe it is true, as there are speedy, yet silent, comfortable motor carriages in existence, though these are not listed as sports models.

* * *



A MANY TIMES SUCCESSFUL WINNER

Mr. K. Lee Guinness in the 1½-litre Talbot-Darracq racer that won the 200 miles race at Brooklands recently

I NOTICE that the R.A.C. are still issuing their absurd certificates of performance chock full of information, yet so subtle in their terms of reference as to be absolutely useless to practical motorists. I know this by the quaint questions asked me by various private car owners about the goods reported upon. Let me give an example. One of the recent R.A.C. certificates is on a pair of anti-dazzle headlamps of 7 in. diameter. After giving a lot of figures about the ranges and corresponding widths of the beam and side illumination at various heights from the ground and distance from centre of beam from the lamps, the certificate concludes by "interpretation of results," which mentions that a driver when using these lamps when approaching a pedestrian so dressed as to be seen with difficulty would be able to pick him out when 260 feet from the car, provided he was no further from the centre of the beam than 15 ft., that is, half its width. "Well," asked one owner-driver, "is that a safe driving distance when the car is travelling, say, at thirty-four miles an hour, which is about an average speed on a country road?"

* * *

MY reply was that at that speed, which is 50 ft. a second, you must be able to pull the car up and stop within 5 secs., or you might hit him if he was lying down in the roadway a bit tired. If the car was travelling at twenty miles an hour you would have about 9 secs. to stop the car, so the question of a safe driving light depends as much upon the speed the car is travelling and the efficiency of the brakes according to the length or distance that the lamps throw forward their light. Therefore, what may be a perfectly safe light at a crawl can be quite the opposite at speed. But the average car-driver will not be bothered to work out these sort of puzzles and rather expects the R.A.C. to give him this information. Which it does, but in such a form he cannot interpret it, and so worries folk to get at whether the tests are successful or otherwise, for the Oracle (certificate) is always cryptic.

OLD HY.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

FASHION

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IN fashion the modern man is conservative by necessity, whilst the modern woman is revolutionary by instinct. Financially, man may be likened to the hungry leopard unable to afford a change of spots, and woman may be compared with the fabled chameleon—apparently living on air, but magically contriving perpetual change.

Man's burden is slightly lightened by the boon of being able to appear in society in last year's clothes without being ostracised. It would be tragic if one season his trousers were cut short to the knee, whilst the next they trailed on the parquet floor.

Women are more inconstant than men both in fashion and emotional fancy. They are clay in the hands of the designer. They will cheerfully discard a graceful style and even welcome an ugly one, so long as they can be persuaded it is new. They will accept any abortion if it is labelled a creation.

The new flowing gowns will cover a multitude of feet and enrich the coffers of the costumières. They will also bring great joy to the hearts of the fair ones with thick ankles.

The design and the cut of men's clothes do certainly alter in the finer points from season to season, but not to the extent that the old suit is unwearable. An illustration of this occurred at one of the most fashionable hotels on the Riviera in 1922. At luncheon a man was remarked upon by several as the best-dressed man in the room. It was subsequently discovered that he was wearing a suit made by Pope and Bradley in 1913. It was, therefore, nine years old.

This is a true and significant story. If a suit is really well cut it has the indelible stamp of style, if it is really well tailored it always retains its shape, and if it is made of the very best cloth it never wears out. As a matter of fact, Pope and Bradley's clothes last too long. But for this fact the proprietor would be a millionaire with an impaired digestion and a jaundiced outlook. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
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ROLLS-ROYCE 20 H.P.

SIX-CYLINDER CAR

ROLLS ROYCE, LIMITED are now prepared to accept orders by cablegram, telegram or letter for their new 20 h.p. six-cylinder car, produced to meet the demand for a car of moderate horse power, but of superlative design and manufacture. These cars possess all the essential qualities of a Rolls-Royce product and carry the same three years' guarantee as the world-famous 40/50 Rolls-Royce.

The following will shortly be ready for delivery:

CHASSIS	Price £1,100
OPEN TOURING CAR (4 seats)	Price £1,590 complete
LANDAULET (6 seats)	Price £1,745 complete
LIMOUSINE (6 seats)	Price £1,745 complete
ENCLOSED DRIVE CABRIOLET (4 seats—Owner Driven)	Price £1,880 complete
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The prices of complete cars include self-starter, dynamo, battery, spare wheel and tyre, lamps, speedometer, clock, electric horn, wind horn, tool kit, lifting jack and mascot.

The 40/50 h.p. chassis will, as hitherto, be sold at £1,850 and will remain

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD.

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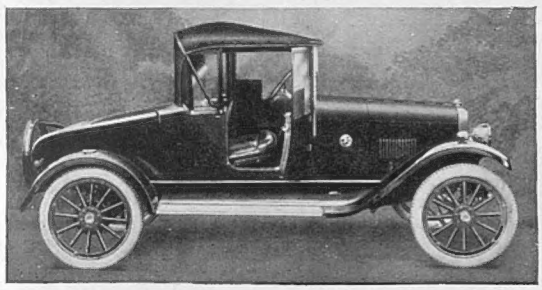

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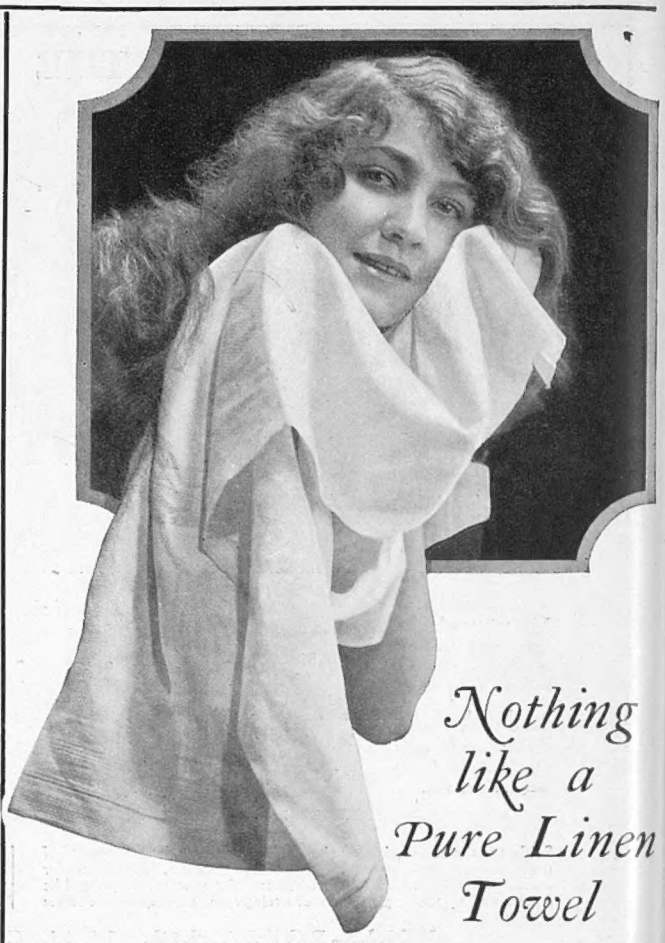

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